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COVER: BOB SWEIKERT
Photograph by Fred Lyon

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Rugged Bob Sweikert is a racing driver who has thinning hair, friendly blue eyes and a desire to repeat his 1955 victory in next week's Indianapolis "500." No standpater, in 1957 he'll venture abroad to see if a speedway roadster can also be a winning lightfoot on the unfamiliar and exacting Grand Prix circuit. For a preview of the 40th "500" and a look at the famed Brickyard, in color, turn to page 14.

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AN SI SPECIAL: THE INDIANAPOLIS "500"

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An on-the-scene dispatch from ALFRED WRIGHT on the week's 10 fastest trial-heat qualifiers and a preview of the race itself. In COLOR a dramatic four-page SPECTACLE capturing the highlights of the annual Brickyard classic

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It's an Aek of a building (Designer Richard Aek's basketball arena, that is). Pictured In COLOR

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DAVE SIME: A RECORD EVERY WEEK

The thoughts and actions of the dedicated Duke Blue Devil who may be the world's fastest human. By Roy Terrell



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



The Question:

How would you compare lacrosse to football?

F. MORRIS TOUCHSTONE



*Lacrosse coach
U.S. Military Academy
West Point*

Both appeal to the athlete who enjoys rugged competition. Both are highly developed team efforts, but the skills of the two differ. In

football, the emphasis is on blocking and tackling. In lacrosse, ball handling with the stick, dodging and accurate shooting are vital.

JOHN J. THEDALD



*Deputy Mayor, N.Y.C.
President
Queens College*

Although lacrosse is a wide open game, it is as rough and can be rougher than football. The great interest in football results from the coordination of the players and ball handling. Lacrosse must also have good team work, but the real skill is in passing the ball.

VICE-ADMIRAL C. T. DOURGIN (ret.)



*President
N.Y. State Maritime
College*

Lacrosse, originated by the American Indian, is new in most colleges but is building tremendous interest. The game seems a combination of soccer and basketball. Although it requires coordination and combative instinct, it is not as interesting to me as football.

RON BEAGLE



*All-America end
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis*

I was introduced to lacrosse at the Naval Academy. It's my belief that if lacrosse were as widely publicized as football, it

would be as popular. Like football, it requires speed, skill, stamina and desire. It's interesting and exciting. There's never a dull moment.

ED BUCKLEY



*Hotel Manager
New York*

Lacrosse is tougher. I played both. Never was hurt in football, but was knocked for a loop in lacrosse. When a guy swings his stick at you, look out! At Penn we were called the suicide squad. The Indians played lacrosse long before white men. Many players today are wider than the Indians.

CAPTAIN ROBERT J. STRON



*Captain
U.S.S. Saratoga
World's largest warship*

There's great similarity. Both are body contact sports requiring great physical vigor. Good team work is a prime requisite in each sport. In both games a good big man is better than a good little man. For me, a former baseball player, both have equal appeal.

FERRIS THOMSEN



*Lacrosse coach
Princeton University*

Unlike football, with its break between plays, lacrosse takes more stamina due to continuous running. Like in football, speed,

general athletic skill and the ability to give and take punishment is important. Fans who know both games like lacrosse better because it's more open.

JIMMY BROWN



*Football and
lacrosse star
Syracuse University*

I prefer to play football. It's a bit rougher and packed with more pressure, tension and excitement. However, playing a midfield spot in lacrosse takes more out of me than football. I'm enchanted, too, with the skillful stickwork required. Lacrosse has more originality.

TOM SCOTT



*Defensive end
Philadelphia Eagles*

In lacrosse, speed and skill are prime requisites. Brown is secondary. It requires more agility, finesse and footwork than football, with more quick stops, turns, backward steps, etc. Even though there isn't as much body contact, there are many head injuries from stickwork.

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WITH DE SOTO PRESIDENT L. I. WOOLSON AT THE WHEEL, THE 235 HP FIRELITE PACE CAR MAKES FIRST TEST RUN AT INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY

DE SOTO SETS PACE AT INDIANAPOLIS "500"

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JIMMY JEMAIL
continued from page 1

HOWARD MYERS Jr.



Lacrosse and football coach
Hofstra College, N. Y.

Lacrosse helps develop speed and maneuverability and is every bit as exciting as football. Lacrosse practice sessions are more fun than football practice and therefore lacrosse comes off the favorite. Men who play both sports prefer lacrosse almost unanimously.

ROBERT H. SCOTT



Lacrosse coach, Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

Lacrosse with its jarring blocks, long runs and passing, compares favorably with football in spectator appeal. But lacrosse requires more skill. A player must also know how to use a stick. Many college athletes now play both sports. Each offers the best in team work.

FRANK TAMBURELLI



Quarterback
University of Maryland

Football is a more thrilling sport, but lacrosse gives a true feeling of an enjoyable relaxing game. It can either be played with all the physical contact of football or with the finesse of basketball without violating the rules of the game. I prefer football but love to play lacrosse.

NEXT WEEK:

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE OF THE RITES of Spring for American families in general and for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED families more than most has become the counting of days until they make their summer migrations to camps, cabins, hotels and cottages by the nation's mountains, lakes, streams and seashores.

And a sure sign of spring for SI is the upsurge in requests for temporary changes of address from people who want SI to go along with them for the summer.

Even the pleasures of vacations and homes away from home exact their small price. There is always the problem of packing the tennis rackets, the fishing rods and the flippers, of not forgetting anything and of making sure that the canoe is firmly secured to the top of the station wagon. Executing the change of address for SI must regrettably be counted among these minor penalties of summertime living.

But it's really simple enough. For those of you who will be leaving home for four weeks or longer, here's how:

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THE
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BASE RUNNER ROYER POUNDS DUST DRIVING INTO THIRD AS PHILS' HENUS TAKES THROW

by ROBERT CREAMER

THEY ARE FIGHTING for first place in the National League. They lead the league's team batting averages by some 10 points. They had two (Rip Repulski and Ken Boyer) of the only four men batting over .400 in the major leagues last week. The whirlwind trades of their spectacular general manager have set fans alight with speculation or irritation. These are the St. Louis Cardinals, one of the thrilling names in baseball, who this season look as if they might, for the first time in years, come close to living up to the reputation handed down by their great teams of past decades.

When he was fired as manager of the Cardinals last May 28, Eddie Stanky remarked rather ruefully, "I'd manage this club for nothing next year, if they'd let me. That's how great I think they're going to be."

They didn't let him, needless to say. They didn't even let Harry Walker, who succeeded Stanky as manager. Instead, the Cardinals, refurbishing their front office, hired the volatile Frank Lane as general manager; and Lane, dismissing Walker, chose Fred Hutchinson to take over the

Some champions are worshiped for the ease of their conquest. So it was last week. Two fabulous young sprinters named Sime and Morrow floated away from all opposition to equal world records. Fabius, son of Citation, disdained such fohtfder as stirring stretch drives and won his Preakness early. Meanwhile his sire's money-winning record was falling beneath the businesslike thunder of Neshua's hoofs. And Sugar Ray needed only one brief burst of his old kambojant fury to keep his world championship.

There are also those who acquire grateful loyalty by the fire, the color, the explosive defiance with which they win or lose. Out of such gaudy cloth are the St. Louis Cardinals.

job and spend a happy season at the head of Eddie's "great" club.

Stanky, of course, is given to grand statements grandly made, much in the manner of his early idol, later model and everlasting prototype, Leo Durocher. Like Durocher ("Nice guys finish last"), Stanky can make a casual remark or a general comment cement itself into the memory as an eternal truth, whether or not there is actually much factual basis for it.

But on this occasion Stanky, truth to tell, had considerable support. The St. Louis Cardinals last year certainly appeared to have the makings of a wonderful baseball team. When they stumbled home in seventh place people were shocked. How could a team utilizing the skills of such as Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst and Wally Moon and Rip Repulski possibly finish that badly? A bromide was promptly whipped up: no one knows the phrasemaker who said it first but within a few months of the end of the 1955 season almost everybody had a go at calling the Cardinals "the best seventh-place team in baseball history." It was a consoling thought. The implication

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THE GAUDY ONES

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was plain. Never mind where you finished, this is a good ball club.

Frank Lane, who assumed the general manager's post shortly after the disastrous season ended, rejected the consolation early this spring when he declared that as far as he was concerned he'd a hell of a lot rather have the worst first-place team in history than the best seventh-place club.

And the new manager, Freddy Hutchinson, who does not say very much but who says what he thinks when he does, stated flatly that a club finishes in seventh place because it isn't any better than that.

to appreciate their own acute powers of observation and judgment.

The Cardinals were indeed hot. They burned not with a sudden flare-up of victories gained at the expense of weak teams, but steadily, as a good team should. They lost at least once to every team, but they beat everyone, too.

They raced along at a nice, lively clip, reacting to defeat with victory, often gaudily. They'd lose two games in a row, then win two; lose one or two, then win three in a row. They've been like that all spring, gaining a surplus of victories over defeats, maintaining that surplus, and then increasing it.

Baseball is a game of consistency; springtime flare-ups and late-season drives mean little or nothing if a good

834) is as nicely named a home town as a left-hander could ordinarily hope to have, but, joy of joys, not 15 miles down the Mississippi & Alabama Railroad lies the hamlet of Vinegar Bend, Ala. (pop. 50) which is, of course, an absolute must home town for a left-hander with a blazing fast ball, a drawl and a crooked grin. It was near enough to be adopted. And so . . . Wilmer David became Vinegar Bend Mizell.

It is certain that Mizell's personality and nickname have combined to place an inordinate responsibility on him. St. Louis fans expect him to behave like Dizzy Dean who, along with drawling and grinning and blazing fast balls, won 18, 20, 30, 28 and 24 games for the Cardinals in one five-year stretch.

THE TRADER



FRANK LANE

THE REDHEAD



RED SCHOENSTENT

THE RIPPER



RIP REPULSKI

THE BEND



VINEGAR BEND MIZELL

Nevertheless, during spring training the assorted travelers, raconteurs and wits who between beach and bar write about baseball landed feet first on the Cardinals as The Team to Watch. Everyone (all right, almost everyone) picked the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers as the teams most likely to win the American and National League pennants. But a sportswriter loves to come up with a long shot, and St. Louis has always been a popular favorite. Every sports page in the country had at least one story that warned, "Look out for the Cards. They're loaded."

When the 1956 season began and the Cardinals immediately climbed up into the top echelon of the National League and dominated the lists of the league's leading batters and run scorers and run makers (in X-RAY this week—see page 46—Cardinal players are first, third and fifth in runs produced), Eddie Stanky's words were recalled as brilliantly prophetic, and baseball writers who long since had decided that predicting pennant races was a foolish business began once again

winning pace cannot be maintained the rest of the time. This is so in pitching and in batting, and in team standings, too. Last year the Dodgers and the Chicago Cubs soared high in the spring. The Cubs then collapsed and fell from second to sixth, but Brooklyn continued to play steady, if not spectacular or Cardinal-like, winning baseball and won the pennant.

THE BIZARRE CARDINALS

The Cardinals this season are demonstrating in a rather bizarre way that same valuable consistency, and it is a strange thing because such a record is supposed to characterize a team with good pitching.

But the Cardinals have no stopper, that is, no star pitcher who can be relied upon to step in, win his game and break up any looming losing streak. Indeed, they have not had much of a pitching staff at all. Their pride and joy is Wilmer David Mizell, a lovely long (6 feet 3½ inches) left-hander with a blazing fast ball, a drawl, a crooked grin and a home town called Leakesville. Leakesville, Miss. (pop.

in the '30s. Mizell is not that good. He has a whipping fast ball that moves in a little on left-handed batters and a good fast curve that breaks down and away from them. But he has a little trouble with his control and a little trouble with base runners. He has a distressing habit of letting runners get a big lead off first base as he delivers his pitch to the plate, with the result that they are beginning to steal on him.

Thus, it can be said that Mizell, though potentially a superb pitcher, is still learning his trade. He won a couple of games early in the season, then lost a couple, then started two others in which he received credit for neither victory nor defeat. When he beat the Giants Monday it was the first complete game he had pitched this year in seven starts. Vinegar Bend is not yet a bulwark to lean on, not yet a stopper, not yet a Dean.

The relatively unpublished Tom Poholsky has actually been a better pitcher than Mizell this spring, with two shutouts to his credit and one of the best earned run averages in the league. But of even more importance

to the Cardinals has been the development of relief pitching, a commodity the club sadly lacked last season. Hutchinson said that during the winter he'd gone over the Cardinals' 1955 record day by day and was appalled by the number of games that were lost in the late innings as an early St. Louis lead was frittered away.

The main reason for the success of the bullpen is Ellis Raymond Kinder, a big, tough right-hander from Arkansas, who is the oldest player in the majors (he'll be 42 on July 26). Kinder wandered around the minor leagues for seven years before finally reaching the majors in his 32nd year, and he had had 10 full seasons in the American League when Frank Lane pur-

plete games in the first five weeks), so one expects to be underworked.

For despite Poholsky and Mizell and the fine relief work of Kinder & Co., plus the fact that several well-pitched games have been achieved (three shutouts, three one-run games, three two-run games), the St. Louis pitching was, through these early weeks of the season, the weakest part of the club. The strength, the blood, the sinew of the Cardinal surge has been the bat.

KENTON THE KEY MAN

The key man in the St. Louis batting attack has been, surprisingly, not the nonpareil Stan Musial but a 25-year-old third baseman named Kenton

Boyer is the kind of guy you dream about: terrific speed, brute strength, a great arm. There's nothing he can't do. He's the best base runner on the team. I think he has the greatest future of any young player in the league."

The manager's enthusiasm is echoed by the players. Hank Bauer, the veteran outfielder who joined the Cardinals this spring, said: "You measure a man by his growth. If he's the same this year as he was last, well, O.K., you know what you have. But if he shows you he's good, like Boyer did last year, and then improves—the way Boyer has—well, you know you have something great. He's great."

Whether he will continue his pace all year no one knows, but right now

THE MAN

THE OLD MAN

THE BROW

THE PILOT



STAN MUSIAL



ELLIS KINDER



WALLY MOON



FRED HUTCHINSON

chased him from Boston last December. "What's Lane buying that old man for?" was the complaint in St. Louis.

This spring Lane's reasons became evident. That old man walked in casually from the bullpen to pitch in the late innings of ten of the Cardinals' first 25 games. They won eight of the 10, four by one skippy run and three by two runs. As Kinder usually appeared just about the time the 1955 team was blowing leads, his value became obvious.

With Kinder in the Cardinals' bullpen and doing valuable work there, too, are Jackie Collum, a little (5 feet 7½ inches) left-hander with poise and excellent control; Lindy McDaniel, a bonus player who was born in December 1935, a month after the first election Ellis Kinder was eligible to vote in, and who has pitched remarkably well; Larry Jackson, a tall right-hander who was a rookie last year; and Max Surkont, a veteran recently acquired from Pittsburgh. A five-man relief staff may seem a little extravagant, but with the Cardinals' starting-pitcher situation what it is (three com-

Lloyd Boyer who was a bright enough rookie last year, but who hit only .264. Now, this spring, he has been hitting dazlingly in the neighborhood of .400, has led the league in runs batted in and has been with the leaders in home runs.

Of course, bright young ballplayers often hit well in the spring. Boyer's teammate, Rip Repulski, was batting 30 points above .400 last weekend and leading the league. But while appreciating Repulski's performance, no one became too terribly excited about it, because the Ripper is a well-known spring hitter and tends to tail off. Last May he was among the league's leading hitters, too, but by the end of the season he was down to a temperate .270. But Boyer, apparently, is something special. The Cardinals speak of him with awe.

Freddy Hutchinson, who had Al Kaline and Harvey Kuenn under him when he managed the Detroit Tigers, says of Boyer: "This is the kind of a player you wish you had 12 of them, so you could play nine and have three on the bench just to stir things up.

Boyer is standing up under the praise. Spring statistics fluctuate wildly, but at one point last week Boyer was first in hits, first in runs scored, first in runs batted in and second in home runs.

Boyer and Repulski have been ably assisted by Musial and Wally Moon, the thick-browed, square-jawed M.A. from Texas A & M. Moon, who was switched from the outfield to first base late last season, has a little trouble with hard-hit balls right at him, but otherwise he shows signs of becoming a top-flight fielding first baseman. Always an excellent hitter, this year, batting behind Musial and Boyer, he is driving in more runs than ever before. Musial is dawdling along well below .300 but he is, as always, one of the leading run producers in the league. "If anyone else was hitting the way Stan is," Hutchinson complained, "you'd say he was doing fine. But when you say Musial, you think .350." Red Schoendienst, the other old Cardinal pro, was hitting at a brisk .300 rate and scoring a goodly number of runs.

But though hitting has carried the

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THEY'RE ROLLING AT THE BRICKYARD

With trial records crumbling at an unprecedented clip, this year's "500" could be the fastest yet

A PREVIEW by ALFRED WRIGHT

MINUTES before that moment pictured on the opposite page a voice intones over a loudspeaker: "Gentlemen, start your engines." Thirty-three racing cars immediately set up a growling, whining din, circle the track once behind a pace car (a stock DeSoto) like a parade of trained bugs and then burst across the brick straightaway in front of the grandstand is a shattering 150-mph explosion of men and metal. Within a few laps the leaders have begun to take charge, hurtling into the curves at speeds that the more cautious prefer to avoid. The Indianapolis "500" is on.

There are those who continually wish to say that the "500" and its attendant festivities at the Brickyard on Memorial Day are not important to racing; that these overspecialized contraptions of speed contribute nothing to either sport or man's fight for better automation. But tell that to the 300-

odd drivers and mechanics and owners who have labored for months and spent small fortunes to put 33 cars on the starting line. And tell it to the 110,000 people who gobble up every seat in the grandstands, paying as high as \$30 apiece for the privilege, or the additional 50,000 or so who jam into the infield of this 2½-mile track. Or tell it to the 100,000 persons who turned out Saturday to watch the first of four days of qualifying trials which are being spread over two weekends.

To these latter, qualifications time is something of a climax. For weeks the cars have been working out their kinks on the track while anxious figures from Gasoline Alley, the garage area near the pits, have studied each lap with stop watch in hand. Now they are ready and on the opening day of the trials there is added incentive. For on that day the car with the fastest qualifying time—even if only one should

navigate the full four laps—automatically assumes the important pole position on May 30. It also wins \$3,000.

Saturday, as the fog slowly dissolved into an unexpectedly cloudless day, hopes ran high around Gasoline Alley. By now it was evident from more than a week of practice runs that the 47-year-old Brickyard was a new lady after her \$100,000 facelifting last fall. The bumps and ruts worn into her pavement by years of racing were smooth and adhesive with a new layer of Kentucky rock asphalt. At least half a dozen of the top contenders had already turned practice laps two or three miles faster than Jack McGrath's track record of 143.793 mph. There was talk of 147 mph, maybe even 150. A mere 10 years earlier, 120 had been considered tops.

Jim Rathmann, a graduate of stock-car racing, was first out in a familiar car with a new number—24. This was the Hopkins Special, last seen upside down and in flames on the far stretch, the funeral pyre of Bill Vukovich during last year's race. Completely rebuilt, it was ready to go again, and Rathmann pushed it through four laps at the record-shattering average of 145.120 mph, turning his third lap at better than 146.

A few minutes later No. 8 was on the track. White with salmon-pink trimmings, this brand new car, known as a John Zink Special, is a stablemate to the one Bob Sweikert drove to victory last year. It had been built during the winter by A. J. Watson, Zink's chief mechanic, but to all outward

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ANTON HULMAN JR. HEADS THE SPEEDWAY



CAR IN WHICH GREAT BILL VUKOVICH DIED, NOW REBUILT, WAS QUALIFIED BY JIM RATHMANN

MASKED RACERS in annual pilgrimage to U.S. motoring Mecca sit in colorful array as cars speed around first turn.





AFTER A DOZEN LAPS THE 33 CARS STRING OUT SINGLY AND IN CLUSTERS, PIT CREWS (CENTER)



GO ON THE ALERT AND THE CROWD SETTLES BACK FOR 3½ MORE HOURS OF NOISE AND THRILLS



SWEIKERT (ABOVE) GUNS PINK OFFIE THROUGH LAST LAP, HEEOLESS OF FUEL
HAPPY WIFE (BELOW) BEAMS ON SWEIKERT DURING PRESENTATION CEREMONY



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE LAST MILE • ON THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BOXERS •
BRAINSTORM AT BAY MEADOWS • FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL
FOR CALIFORNIA (UCLA BRANCH) • THE SEÑOR TALKS BACK

THE SANTEE CASE: CONCLUSION

NEW YORK'S Supreme Court Justice Walter A. Lynch not only brought the controversial case of Wes Santee to a logical conclusion last week—but, in upholding the AAU's lifetime ban against him—spoke inferentially about the whole disconcerting problem of amateurism in athletics with a hard-headed common sense which has been largely lacking in the public debate over the Kansas Jack-rabbit. The whole basis of popular protest against the AAU's action in the Santee case has been this: "Santee was not the only runner who got, nay demanded, fees for performing, ostensibly as an amateur." Justice Lynch did the public a favor by ignoring this completely as a factor in the case at hand (to have done anything else would have been to agree with the specious and ridiculous argument that there is no such thing as amateurism). But the justice did not hesitate to suggest that the AAU stands in need of cleaning up its own house.

In bringing his action against the AAU, Santee argued that its national executive committee (which acted after the board of managers of the Missouri Valley AAU overruled a regional ban against him) did not have jurisdiction and had acted without a quorum being present. Justice Lynch not only found both points invalid but charged that Santee had "studiously avoided" answering the real charge against him: that he was a professional. "When confronted by his accusers in the forum which he had chosen he remained silent," Justice Lynch added: "The court cites the behavior of plaintiff in his failure to proceed as indicative of his

bad faith in the entire proceedings."

The reasons the AAU gave in banning Santee had largely been forgotten in the argument over his case; Justice Lynch's opinion restored them to public view. "His engagement of a booking agent, his demand for monies for the attendance of his wife at various meets and his collection of said monies without the attendance of his wife, the excessive expense accounts for the various meets, his attempt to evade professionalism by unfairly attempting to place the onus on his club-mate" [Santee implied that expense charges for one meet were actually for ex-Kansas Miler Art Dalzell] with the possibility that the latter would be found guilty and the plaintiff escape; the check of \$400 to his father-in-law from the promoter of a certain meet

and other matters foreclose any serious consideration of his plea that he was harshly or unfairly dealt with.

"His repentance, if any—and the court thinks there is none—comes too late. Plaintiff should have thought of the Olympics and his representation of his country before . . . he consistently violated the rules of the organization in which he desires to continue his membership. He agreed to abide by the rules . . . of the Union. He has not only failed to do so, but he makes no pretense of having done so.

"From this unfortunate incident some good may come to amateur athletics in the U.S. Promoters of amateur athletic meets should realize . . . (that) the fault lies in no small part with them as a class. Plaintiff . . .

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Harried Hungarians

Hungarian Harriers Istvan Ronsavolgyi and Laszlo Tabori looked less unbeatable in London where bespectacled Briton Ken Wood beat them by six feet in the 1,500 meters. Wood was aided in 3:43.4 win by man-killing pace of countryman, Gordon Pirie, who finished fourth.

• S2 Realism

AAU President Carl Hansen is expected to plump for a new "realistic" per diem rate (\$17 instead of \$15) for athletes at the forthcoming (June 28) national meet of the AAU.

• Dry Shave?

Sal (The Barber) Maglie, who in a Giant used to shave Dodge chins with "brushback" high, hard ones, was waived out of the American League and sold to Brooklyn. Big question: will The Barber be able to lather his old teammates at the Polo Grounds?

• Piracy

Electrifying the National League race was the performance of Bobby Bragan's Pittsburgh Pirates. For the week, the Pirates won four out of six, wound up only one game out of first place, drew the biggest crowd (32,344) in five years, and called to mind Branch Rickey's confident prediction made a year ago: "All I ask is two years—in '56 we'll go half-way."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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has eliminated himself as an amateur athlete, but not without an assist from some of the "guardians" of amateur athletics."

BOXING'S GLORIOUS BUSINESS

IN THE EARLY and mid-'30s, welterweight Jimmy McLarnin was a career-wrecking scourge of the ring, but his name never inspired in opponents one-half the fear and loathing the name of his manager, Charles "Pop" Foster, aroused in rival managers.

Pop Foster earned his nickname by being more of a father to McLarnin than a manager. As such, he violated every article of the managers' code. He never overmatched his fighter for mere money. He never "cut" his fighter with another manager. And there wasn't a promoter in the world who dared suggest a fixed match to the team of Pop Foster and Jimmy McLarnin.

Worst of all, Pop saved Jimmy's—as well as his own—money. It was this that sent real shudders down the spines of the orthodox managers who began to refer to Pop contemptuously as "the man with the one-way pockets" or, "the man who throws nickels around as though they were dollars." The truth was that Pop just never left his money—or his fighter—where the fight mob could get their hands on it or him.

Away back in 1936, Sportsurrier Walter Stewart mused in the New York *World-Telegram*: "The narrow-faced managers who line the curbs of 49th Street speak of Pop Foster in the most disrespectful terms. They will tell you he is a grasping old man with a crooked nose. . . . But you pause at the door and watch Pop as he stands there looking down at his Jimmy with something glorious brimming in his eye. Look at Jimmy as he smiles at you with the quick, light charm of the Irish. His ears are not bulbous and his teeth meet in even white lines. His nose comes down from unscarred brows in a clean line. Yet this man has been fighting for 13 years. He has made almost \$500,000 and has fought men in five divisions. A lonely old man could not ask for a finer monument."

Last week in Los Angeles, a lonely old man died. And Pop Foster still had "something glorious" brimming in his eye for the pink-cheeked boy-o, with the face of a cherub and the fists of a stevedore, he had picked up in a street fight in Vancouver 33 years before. Pop's will, probated after his death,

left most of a \$200,000 estate to "his Jimmy" and Jimmy's family. (Pop had none of his own.)

And Pop's monument, Jimmy McLarnin, his teeth still straight, his ears still not bulbous, took time off from a hustling trip to pay tribute to a man who was taking care of his fighter to the last. "Pop," said Jimmy, "was a great man. Everyone is always talking about alltime fighting greats. I'd like to see them talk for a moment about the alltime manager. Pop would win hands down."

It was enough to make many another fighter, say Joe Louis, wish "something glorious" might have brimmed in someone's eye for him.

PARI-MUTUEL BRAINSTORM

THE DAY DRAWS NEAR, as anyone with half a brain knows, when mechanical brains will do most of the world's thinking. It is not a very cheerful prospect for people who like to do their own crossword puzzles, but every now and then the mechanical monsters pull a boner that bolsters the sagging human ego. Washington mails out a million dollar check to a Social Security pensioner; in Nevada a slot machine starts paying off furiously on lemons. In San Mateo, Calif. the pari-mutuel "tote" at the Bay Meadows track has a mechanical brainstorm and



overpays the daily double players to the tune of \$77,134.30.

The meeting at Bay Meadows is a combination of harness and quarter-horse racing. The track is rented for these purposes by the California Horse Racing Association from Bill Kyne and Associates who also operate the Universal Totalisator Company. Thus, it was the Bill Kyne crowd who took the beating the other day when the machines calculated that there were only 27 tickets sold on the winning combination of Violet Rose in the first race and Mario Tasse in the second. In a mechanical flash, the machine estimated each of the 27 tickets would collect \$269.70. What did not penetrate the stupid metallic skull of the totalisator was the fact that 313 tickets actually had been sold. There was nothing to do but pay off on all 313.

As the delighted winners lined up at the windows, they agreed that it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy,

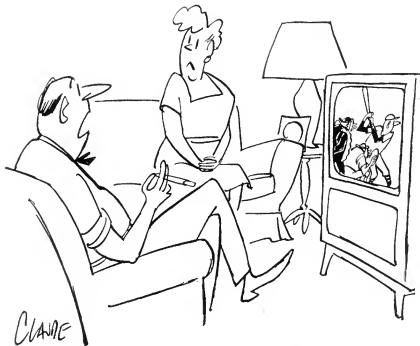
meaning Bill Kyne himself. A jovial soft touch for horse players, Kyne has taken a long series of disasters without losing his good humor. As a race track operator, he has seen a track at Kansas City destroyed by fire, another at Portland wiped out by flood, still another at Reno go broke. As for the daily doublecross at Bay Meadows, 68-year-old Bill Kyne, reverting to the same old flabby human brain he was born with, thought he could take it.

"It was quite a shock," he said, "but I've taken bigger losses in my day and I'm not going for the gas pipe yet."

UCLA: PART 1: SUNSHINE

THE CALIFORNIA sun has been shining brightly down on the University of Southern California track teams for 28 years. In that time USC has won 18 of the 28 NCAA track championships and 15 consecutive Pacific Coast championships. But while the sun still shone on USC a year ago, there was one cloud on the horizon. At the rival University of California at Los Angeles across town, Freshman Rafer Johnson, age 19, was spending his afternoons putting the shot, throwing the javelin and discus, hurdling, sprinting, broad jumping, high jumping and pole vaulting. On a mediocre day Johnson could do well enough in 10 of the 14 track and field events to make any track team in the country. Last week in the Pacific Coast championships Johnson had a mediocre day—for him. He failed to qualify in the discus. He took second in the 100-yard dash, which he was expected to win. He took third in the high hurdles which he should have won. He was unexpectedly heated in the broad jump by a teammate, and he won the low hurdles about as he was expected to. He only scored 16 points, but that was almost a quarter of UCLA's total, and it was enough. With 69 1/2 points, UCLA broke up the USC monopoly and took home its first championship.

In non-Olympic years, even in the rich track and field pastures of southern California, a man can throw a cow over the moon without attracting too much attention from the general public. Last summer, while the public was first rousing itself to the coming Olympic year, Johnson, scoring 7,985 points, broke Bob Mathias' world decathlon record. Track experts and track fans have been pointing wildly at Johnson for two years, since he first began performing wonders at high school back in Kingsburg, Calif. The track fans said there was nothing Johnson



"But there will be plenty of time to talk on nights they're rained out."

couldn't do. "Whatever he does," an expert seconded glowingly, "comes naturally."

"I used to worry about getting better at all these events," Johnson said in the midst of his first big competition, "but I don't worry now." The UCLA athletic staff, looking fondly at him, would like to add basketball and football to the long list of things that no longer worry Johnson. "Track," says Johnson, "is my love until next December."

UCLA; PART II: SHADOW

AS FAR as Coach Red Sanders was concerned, big, blond George Stephenson was just another kid who couldn't make the UCLA football team. He was a fullback and the Bruins had better ones. But last week, when the Pacific Coast Conference faculty representatives got through meeting in

Victoria, B.C., it became clear that Fullback Stephenson had succeeded in doing what no conference opponent has been able to do in the past three years—wreck the UCLA Bruins.

Stephenson's paralysis play was launched—possibly inadvertently—last February. The fullback, who had left the UCLA practice field in a huff when Sanders tried to make a lineman out of him, moved to the University of California and let slip to Ed Schornfeld of the Oakland Tribune the information that he, along with other UCLA footballers, used to get \$40 a month "walking around" money from a Bruin booster group in suburban Westwood. The charges—printed—brought Conference Commissioner Victor Schmidt on the run.

Last week the conference put UCLA on probation for three years beginning August 1, which means no Rose Bowl appearance in that time, no share of

Rose Bowl receipts (estimated \$78,000) and ineligibility for the championship in any PCC sport even if Bruins win it. Additionally, because Chancellor Raymond B. Allen was deemed "uncooperative" in the investigation, the university was fined \$15,000 out of pocket.

Coach Sanders couldn't have been more hollow-eyed if he had lost another Rose Bowl game in the last 30 seconds. "I feel 99% of all the people feel it's highly discriminatory," gloomed Red. "Some people in this conference don't want intercollegiate football. My personal opinion is the conference ought to abandon its outmoded, unworkable, hypocritical code, or abolish football."

If one more Coast Conference team makes the probation list, football there will be effectively abolished. The University of Washington is on the bench

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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for two years for its infatuation. But at week's end one famous fan—Harvey Knox—was still not satisfied with the havoc to date. Harvey was erupting with interviews which one paper headlined: "Jesse Hill (USC) Has Biggest Payroll—Harvey Knox."

In the light of similar goings-on in the Big Ten, the 1957 Rose Bowl game seems likely to be played by a bunch of gentlemen, scholars and—possibly—amateurs.

A TOP BLOW IN CLEVELAND

BASEBALL FANS, especially those of Cleveland, Ohio, long have wondered what—if anything—could make Manager Al Lopez of the Indians blow his top. Al, it will be remembered, took four straight defeats by the Giants in the 1954 World Series while leaning against the dugout wall like a street corner loafer. He has taken lesser disasters, such as losing out to the Yanks in 1955 while in possession of the league's best pitching staff, without so much as a quiver of the lip or the bat of an eyelid. Well, now the fans know that even the Lopez wig can be made to flip—and this is the kind of thing to do it:

In the ninth inning of a game with Washington, Pete Runnels of the Senators crashed into Al Rosen at third base. Rosen fell to the ground, writhing in pain. Some of the 7,747 fans in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium saw fit to cheer.

After the game, Al Lopez saw fit to explode:

"The fans here are bush. They don't deserve a ball club in this town. I never heard anything so sickening in my life. It was the nastiest, most bush thing I've ever encountered."

"Here's a guy blocking third base, trying to stop the tying run and win us a ball game. The runner crashes hard into him and he's hurt. And the miserable fans cheer. I'm surprised they didn't wait outside our dressing room afterward to boo Rosen when he left on crutches."

Rosen had been booed all during the game. Every time he had come to bat, there were men on base. He left a total of nine stranded as the Indians lost, 5-4, in 11 innings. But maybe Rosen and the fans who rode him did the Indians a long-term service, at that.

For Al Lopez is mad at last—and that could be bad news for Casey Stengel.

THE EYES OF TEXAS

IN LUBBOCK, Texas it was 10:32 a.m., and from the tense expressions on the faces of people all over town, you would have thought they were waiting for the count-down in an atomic airdrop. From the prairie's edge to the chamber of commerce, business was at a standstill and the townspeople were standing in small groups around radios straining to hear every word. The suspense seemed unbearable. "In a moment," the announcer was saying, "the doors will open . . . wait a minute, here they come now." For a few seconds, all Lubbock held its breath. Then, explosively, the announcer gasped: "Texas Tech is in the Southwest Conference!"

It was an historic moment, a time to flip Stetsons in the sky and rend the air with rebel yells. In downtown Lubbock, the manager of the chamber of commerce did a flip-flop on his desk top, students rushed to a pre-designated spot, drum majorettes hurled their batons and shapely legs skyward and College President E. N. Jones reverently asked an assemblage to "close your eyes in complete silence and listen to the most significant ringing of the victory bells in the history of Texas Tech."

What had happened, of course, was that Texas Tech, after 29 years of begging, had at last won the right to play football with the big boys of the Southwest Conference, the big apple of the great plains. It was 1927 when Texas Tech, then only two years old, first petitioned to be let in. And periodically thereafter, it renewed its plea. Just as periodically it was rebuffed.



UP IN THE AIR

Five thousand shonts and one faint bleed—

The reason for the noise:

Pole vaulter's stuck at sixteen feet

In perfect equipoise.

—A. R. FONTENOT

The Red Raiders, of course, did not get in lightly. With 12 straight turn-downs behind them, they decided in 1952 that their offense had been all wrong. Up to that time, conference members had hidden behind a secret vote. When Southern Methodist University was singled out as the main blackballer that year, all west Texas got into the backfield and began aiming economic blockbusters at that hole in the line. SMU is in Dallas and so are many of the merchants who count on booming west Texas' business. Department stores found themselves recipients of notes which read "Since dallasties give no credit to Texas Tech . . . please close my account and remove my name from your sucker list." Charge-a-plates bounced into Nelman-Marcus from west Texas like hailstones in a tornado, causing Stanley Marcus to protest, "You'd think I voted against Texas Tech." Dallas banks found their deposits being withdrawn to Fort Worth where Tech had a friend in TCU.

The rest of Texas began to feel surrounded. Some of the conference schools had about as much need for a home-and-home series with the country cousins from Lubbock as they had for a ski team. But if the alternative was to have grass grow in the streets of Dallas—well, perhaps, fellows, we can make room on the schedule, after all. Throw out Notre Dame. We don't really need a sellout.

The strategist given most credit for sweet-talking and blunderbussing Tech into the lordly SWC is a bluff, gray-haired coach named De Witt Weaver. Five years ago when he was hired, Coach Weaver's instructions had nothing to do with the T formation. "Get Tech in the conference," he was told. His on-field record, 35 wins, 17 losses in five years is no threat at all to Knute Rockne's, but his off-field achievement, realized in the conference vote at Fayetteville, Ark., will rank—in the plains of the Panhandle, at least—with Davy Crockett's or Davy O'Brien's. When Coach Weaver returned from Fayetteville on the great night which will live in Texas (Tech) history, he was met at the airport by a committee of businessmen in costume—a frog, a pony, an owl—representing each of the mascots of the other teams in the conference. He was also met with the keys of a brand-new Cadillac. After all, the old one they had given him (when his team went to the 'Gator Bowl) was only a '54. The coach of a Cotton Bowl candidate can't be seen in that.

PORTRAIT OF A PLUSH HORSE



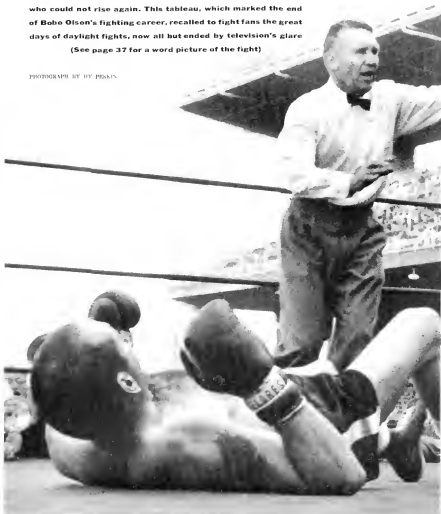
Plushest horse in Thoroughbred history, after his victory in the Camden Handicap last week brought his total winnings to \$1,100,365, was Nashua, shown here in all his flawless beauty and conformation in a never-before-published oil portrait by W. Smithson Broadhead. The painting originally included at left the late William Woodward Jr. and Mrs. Woodward, who had so often stood with him in the

winners' circle. After the tragedy which ended Bill Woodward's life, Broadhead substituted likenesses of himself and his wife. Others are Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Eddie Arcaro and Groom Al Robertson. The up-to-date arithmetic of Nashua's fabulous get-rich-quick career reveals that in his 42 minutes in public on the track he has run 25½ miles, collecting \$26,199 a minute or \$43,152 a mile, for his work

BOBO AT SUNSET

In the descending Pacific sun at Los Angeles, Ray Robinson, the rage of battle yet upon his face, towers over an opponent who could not rise again. This tableau, which marked the end of Bobo Olson's fighting career, recalled to fight fans the great days of daylight fights, now all but ended by television's glare
(See page 37 for a word picture of the fight)

PHOTOGRAPH BY IY PENKIN







PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY B. LEVITON

FUTURE WRECKING CREW



They call themselves Rambling Wrecks at Georgia Tech, a notion these Tech players obviously take seriously in spring practice. "Hit 'em harder!" yells Assistant Coach John

Ball, urging space-suited defensive team to outslug varsity. Players start with feet astride boards to encourage straight-drive blocking. For more on spring drills see page 39

THE ULTIMATE STORM

by WILLIAM A. ROBINSON

PART II: THE ANSWER

Four thousand miles out of Tahiti, in the far southern latitudes where ships no longer sail and the sea is whipped by constant storms, my ship and I were fighting for our lives. Varua, the 70-foot composite brigantine which I had built 10 years before in the shipyard I used to own in Massachusetts, was home and safety to me and my small family: Ah Yoa, who in all her 21 years had never been beyond the barrier reef of Tahiti where we lived; and Piko, my 11-year-old daughter who had been given to me at the age of 7 by her parents in faraway Raraiia. Tino and Zizi were my crew, the former a dark, unquenchably good-natured native of Rapa who acted as my mate, the latter a native of Tahiti who usually came along as cook on a long voyage. Now we were in the grip of a great storm, the ultimate storm, the greatest I had ever known. I had tried the conventional methods of riding it out by holding Varua into the wind under riding sails but had abandoned that when the seas became too steep and high. Now she was drifting under bare poles. But it was clear that Varua was still in trouble. She needed a hand at the helm. I put on my oilskins and went on deck.

As soon as my eyes had become adjusted to the blackness of the night I could see what was happening. The mechanical section of the rolling seas, now towering incredibly steep and high, had overcome the vessel's natural effort to drift downwind with the seas on her quarter. Nearing the top of a sea, the wind blast would heel her over, get a grip on her forward top hamper and start to drive her downwind as before. Then the crest would strike her on the quarter, counteracting the wind. Finally, falling down the steep back side of the sea, cut off from the wind, she would slide broadside to again. This was a final, dangerous proof of what I had always feared: that the method of letting her drift under bare poles would not work when conditions produced a disproportionately high steep sea.

To satisfy my curiosity once and for all I left her this way a little longer. I wanted to find out if it was true that a good ship left alone would always take care of herself. The seas were so huge and concave at this point that the whole upper third seemed to collapse and roar vertically down on us. Our oil had little or no effect as the surface water was all being blown to leeward. After feeling the shock of two or three of the more moderate seas crashing down on us, I felt I had carried my scientific investigation

far enough. I unlashed the wheel and with no effort at all ran her off downwind before one of the real monsters chanced to break on us. I am convinced that, although her hull structure might have withstood the battering, boats and everything else on deck would have been swept away, and most likely masts as well.

By this time, using conventional methods, we would have been trying to hold her head into the seas with a sea anchor. In choosing to run before them as a final emergency tactic, I was going against all the books. I thanked my stars I had not put a sea anchor out earlier, for nothing in the world outside of being moored to an island would have held her head into the wind and seas that were now running.

I have no argument with the well-known fact that running before a big sea can lead to disaster in the form of serious pooping, broaching to and being rolled over, or even to being driven under bow first. There is one important difference: we ran very slowly at a controlled speed.

Thus—sensing at last that this was building toward the ultimate conditions I had never yet encountered—I ran Varua off dead before it. The seas were now white, phosphorescent avalanches that I felt towering over my head astern but did not see until they burst down on us and swept by on either side. Although under bare poles, Varua picked up speed and began running six or seven knots, dangerously fast but steering beautifully. We at once put out our rope drags and slowed her to the point where she had just enough forward motion for good steering control. It took a 75-fathom, two-inch diameter manila line which we dragged in a big hight, plus four 75-foot mooring lines of the same size, each dragging its big eye splice, plus about 100 fathoms of assorted lines of smaller size to do the job.

Drag lines are simplicity itself to handle, and you can add or subtract until you get the exact amount of drag you want. I doubt if they would work over the bow, for much more power is needed to hold a vessel into the wind than to let it drift slowly downwind.

Moving slowly ahead as we now were, we could lay an oil slick right along our path and astern. Sometimes, to my astonishment, the wind picked up so much surface water that it even carried the oil ahead of us. Conditions

continued on page 30



THE ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 28

being extreme, we kept two bags on each side, lashed outboard to the channels so that they could not be thrown by the seas, and pumped oil steadily through a toilet down below. It is difficult to say how much good it did, but it seemed to me that the seas broke less frequently on us than at a little distance to either side, and perhaps less heavily. Quite possibly all those heavy lines we were dragging astern may have had some beneficial effect too.

It was 11:30 p.m. when I took the wheel and we began to run. The storm reached a peak at around 2 a.m. and maintained this condition for six hours, shifting imperceptibly from north to northwest. *Venus* remained under perfect control but needed expert and constant steering, with special attention to each crest. Several of the biggest monsters that broke just under her stern lifted her bodily and carried her shuddering along with them like a surfboard for a considerable distance. At these times she was going downhill at such a steep angle that she would bury her bowsprit in the trough before rising; an excellent object lesson of the danger involved in running before a storm, for if she had been carrying any sail or even running under bare poles without drags she would probably have gone right on down.

It is banal to use the term hurricane, as it is so misused, particularly in the accounts of sailing craft. But I have

experienced several hurricanes in my life, both on land and at sea, and this was worse than any of them. Before the wind had reached its peak there had been a whole new set of shrieks and howls in the rigging and fittings. I now learned something entirely new: that when the wind exceeds a certain point most of these noises stop; and this was more ominous than ever.

From time to time I began to hear what I thought was thunder—a hollow booming that reverberated

ABOUT THE BOOK

The full story of William A. Robinson's voyage to the gale-swept Rearing Forties and beyond appears this month in his book *To the Great Southern Sea*, published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. (\$5).

through the night—not realizing at first that it was the sound of great seas breaking. But these were seas greater by far than any I had ever before seen.

With all our drags astern and bare poles, we were still running about three or four knots through the water—except when the crests passed under us and we rode them at breathtaking speed. When I spoke of the culminating experience of a lifetime of voyaging, this is what I had in mind. When a 50-ton, 70-foot vessel surfboards shuddering down the face of a great sea

on its breaking crest, you have experienced something.

This was now a fight to save the ship—the final great test which *Venus* had been built to survive. I remembered the design days, bent over the drafting table with Stirling Burgess.

"Her rudder must be above all worry," I had said, and that had been easy, a matter of simple engineering.

And when all the other details had been surmounted there remained the last, the most important of all.

"She must be able to run before it with safety in any weather." This was the problem, and I was going against prevailing opinion in choosing as a last resort to run with great breaking seas rather than meet them head on. But I knew instinctively that there would come a point when you could no longer hold her into it, either by drags, sea anchors, riding sails or any other means—and at this point you would be obliged to turn and run, and probably it would be too late.

I remembered our anxious trips to Stevens Institute with the hull model for tank testing. Special apparatus had been devised to simulate following seas. At first her stern had been more conventional, but she had a tendency to pull the following seas over on top of her and even to bronch to. Little by little, the stern was changed and the rest of the underwater lines accordingly, until one day we had a model that did not disturb the form of the following sea, that did not trip, that ran

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A NAUTICAL GLOSSARY

- bay:** a bay on a coast or a loop in a rope
- bitt:** vertical deck fitting to which an end of rope can be made fast
- channels:** projections out from side of ship to which lower end of rigging is fastened
- dead before wind:** in exact direction wind is traveling
- eyes of the ship:** extreme bow of ship near anchor—cable holes in forward bulwarks
- fathom:** six feet
- following sea:** waves coming in directly astern

Humboldt Current: ocean current running north along the Chilean and Peruvian coasts

leeward: direction toward which wind is blowing

lee-way: sidewise, downwind drift of a ship

point: an angular measure equal to 1/32 part of a circle, or 11¼°

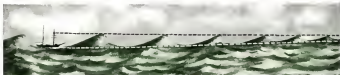
pooping: ship over swept by waves from astern

quartering sea: waves coming in obliquely from astern, roughly 45° from the fore-and-aft line of the ship

saloon: dining or main cabin of a ship

tumble home: inward inclination of ship's sides above waterline or of cabin sides

windward: direction from which wind is blowing



TO MEASURE WAVES, an observer climbs to cross-trees or yardarm and sights across nearest wave

when ship is at bottom of trough. His own height above waterline gives him fair estimate of waves' size.



The most famous Walkers in the world ...Doak and Jantzen

Here's a cool customer—Doak Walker, famous halfback, wearing cool and comfortable walkers by famous Jantzen.

Doak has learned what the British Army has known for years, what the American Air Force now recognizes — that cool kneecaps can cool even the desert heat, and that walkers are the cool, logical answer to the problem of keeping comfortable and smartly dressed.

Every male wants the assurance that his walkers will look good, and that they will fit. It is the emphasis on fit, comfort, and looks that has made Jantzen the most famous name in sportswear.

Doak is wearing crease-resistant "off duty" Jantzen walkers, in cool rayon and cotton, 30-44, \$5.95. The handsome sun shirt, made of a fine, washable cotton knit fabric, is \$4.95. Note the season's newest shade—Hot Mustard.

On the left, "shad roe" walkers, of fine Sanforized cotton, 28-40, \$5.95. At right, "san clements" walkers, a cord combed cotton and Chromaspun[®] Viscose fabric, 30-44, \$5.95. All washable... all in many fashion colors.

Jantzen,

What? Gin 'n Nothing?



Yes, when it's Fleischmann's, the gin so smooth you'll like it straight!



And gin that smooth makes perfect mixed drinks every time!

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Dick Hoover, 26-year-old Akron, Ohio bowler who rolled first 300 game at 15 and won U.S. title at 21, held steady while favorites faltered, defeated Ray Bluth by 32 pins in final match to take ABC Masters title at Rochester, N.Y.



Rafer Johnson, national decathlon record holder, won 220-yard low hurdles, placed in three other events to score 16 points, helped UCLA end Southern California's long reign as Pacific Coast champion at Berkeley, Calif. (see page 26).

RECORD BREAKERS

Bill Nieder, bulky University of Kansas shotputter who has moved up to challenge Parry O'Brien, got off his second 60-foot throw in five weeks, this time hurled from ball 60 feet 8½ inches for new U.S. college record as Jayhawks overwhelmed field to take Big Seven Conference title with 154½ points at Manhattan, Kan. (May 19).

Bobba Moore, powerful-stroking young Stanford sophomore, thrashed 190-yard freestyle in 4:48.5, surpassed listed world mark of 4:49.2 as well as 4:49 performance by Yale's Rex Aubrey earlier this year, to help team win eighth straight Pacific Coast Conference swimming championship at Palo Alto, Calif. Other record-breaker in same meet: Southern California's Bob Hughes, who ticked off 2:19.3 clocking for 200-yard breaststroke, bettering U.S. and national college standards (May 19).

Phyllis Perkins, 22-year-old British typist, deserted her keyboard to take crack at 1,500 meters at Horseburch, England, flashed fine finishing kick to cover distance in 4:35.4, fastest ever by woman (May 17).

Mrs. Carola Mandel, pretty Chicago mackwomman, knocked down 130 targets with 15-gauge shotgun, ran siring to 529 hits without miss for women's world skeet shoot record at Detroit (May 20).

BASEBALL

Pittsburgh shocked league-leading Milwaukee, drubbing Braves 6-3, 5-0 on fine pitching of Bob Fries and Ron Kline to throw

National League into near three-way tie, moved within one game of top. Brooklyn showed signs of awakening, swept two-game set with St. Louis, faltered briefly to drop pair to Cincinnati but bounced back with double win over Chicago to move into contention. New York picked up, whipped St. Louis 2-0, 5-2.

New York ran off five straight over Cleveland, Chicago and Kansas City, held two-game lead over Cleveland in American League. Indians won four out of six, got brilliant 15-strikeout performance from Herb Secor against Washington. Boston picked up pace with last-place Kansas City and fading Chicago, took over third, while White Sox dropped to fourth (for more facts and figures, see page 46).

TRACK & FIELD

UCLA, with man-sized assists from Rafer Johnson (see above) and little Bobby Seaman, ended Southern California's string of Pacific Coast Conference championships at 15, upsetting Trojans 69½-57 at Berkeley. Seaman trailed Oregon's Jim Bailey in 4:06 mile but won half mile in 1:32.2, helped Bruin mile relay team to title-clinching second place.

Dave Sims, powerful young Duke sophomore whose sensational exploits have turned track work upside down, put his talents to work in Carolinas AAU meet at Raleigh, tied two listed world records. Sims tore off 0:09.3 hundred in triab, sprinted 220 in 0:26.2 in finals.

Bobby Morrow, Abilene Christian speedster, got off to flying start, hustled through 160 meters in 0:19.2 at Houston, tying Jesse Owens' 20-year-old world record.

BOXING

Sugar Ray Robinson, slick as ever, lured Bobo Olson into coming to him, exploded left hook to chin of playboy challenger in fourth round, retained middleweight championship by knockout before 20,000 at Los Angeles (see page 37).

Welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton expertly back-pedaled and fended off rushing Middleweight Gil Turner to tune of hose from small (2,408) crowd, won by TKO in 10th of non-title bout at Chicago when doctor ruled bleeding Turner unfit to continue. Far from bothered by booing, Saxton reasoned: "It keeps me from getting overconfident."

Pennsylvania State Senate, aroused by charge of Middleweight Fred Terry (managed by Anthony Graziano, twin brother of suspended Manager Carmine Graziano) that he was forced to fight in Philadelphia although ill, jumped into boxing's dirty business, passed resolution authorizing five-man committee to investigate sport in state. Commissioner Alfred Klein refuted Terry's claim, said he believed boxer, who was knocked out in second round, "was malingering," called charge "a deliberate effort to embarrass the commission."

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



VICTORY IN SIGHT, Calumet Farm's Fabius, with Jockey Willie Hartack perched high in the saddle, drives for the finish line as vain bid by favored Needles (center) falls short in Preakness (see page 36).



DOWN BUT NOT OUT, fallen cyclist got up to finish with opponents at Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia on ninth lap of Communist-sponsored "Peace Race" from Warsaw to Prague.

SCOREBOARD



Cliff Blair, Boston U. hammer thrower who has come along rapidly under tutelage of Harold Connelly, showed gratitude by whirling off 211-foot 3-inch toss at Boston, breaking latter's U.S. mark as well as listed world record.



Pat Smythe, attractive British show jumper, displayed superior horsemanship while capturing three events, became first woman in 24 years to win Grand Prix Militaire in International Horse Show at Lucerne, Switzerland.



Al Weyandt, big Topeka Hawks' first baseman who hit only one home run in first 15 games, suddenly got hot-handed after altering stance, banged out 15, batted in 34 runs in week, lifted team from cellar to second in Western League.

HORSE RACING

Nashua, handsome bay 4-year-old with penchant for collecting dollars, sprinted into early lead under urging of jockey Eddie Arcaro, easily threw off challenge of Fisherman to win \$38,600 Camden Handicap at Garden State Park. Victory was worth \$22,750 to Nashua's owners, boosting colt's lifetime earnings to whopping \$1,100,365, and passing Citation as greatest money-winner in Thoroughbred history (see page 22).

AUTO RACING

Pat Fisherty, Chicago driver who has never finished better than 10th at Indianapolis, zoomed his John Zink Special around Brickyard at record-breaking average speed of 145.596 mph, also set one-lap mark of 146.056 mph to win pole position for 500-mile Memorial Day race (see page 14).

Walter Hanagan of Fairview, N.J. and **Paul O'Shea** of Rye, N.Y., 1955 SCCA champion, won feature races while Jack McAfee, driving small Porsche Spyder against bigger cars, provided major excitement at Cumberland, Md. (see page 42).

ROWING

Princeton had great day on Carnegie Lake, its varsity taking advantage of quartering wind to outstroke Harvard by boat length to win Compton Cup while Eastern championship lightweight crew slipped along at rapid pace, outdistanced Penn to take Wood-Hammond Cup for fourth year.

Washington's smooth-stroking oarsmen swept river at Oakland, Calif., beating California by handsome 4 3/4 lengths in varsity race, also captured junior varsity and freshman events.

HANDBALL

Jim Jacobs, 25-year-old UCLA student who earlier won National YMCA and U.S. Handball Association titles, eased past John Sloan of Chicago 21-14, 21-17 for national senior AAU crown in New York, became first to win three major 4-wall singles championships in same year.

BOWLING

Bill Lillard, 28-year-old Chicago bowler, staged wholesale assault on records, won three titles in 75-day ABC tournament at Rochester, N.Y. Lillard's victories: first in all-events with 2,018; first in doubles (with Stan Gifford of Chicago) with 1,331; member of Palatka Beer which won team championship with 3,992. Singles crown went to southpaw roller George Wade of Steubenville, Ohio, whose 744 stood up for 31 days.

CRICKET

Jim Laker, husky Surrey cricketer, bowled his devastating off-spin at bewildered Australians for four hours, 32 minutes, took all 10 wickets for 88 runs at London, first time feat has been accomplished since 1878. Surrey went on to beat Aussie by 10 wickets in three-day match.

FOR THE RECORD

BOWLING

DONALD OWIER, Schuette, Mass. men's world champion bowling alle with 18-sting pocket at 1,127, **MRS. MARGARET DESNIER**, Boston, women's 10th, with 5-sting pocket of 575, Manchester, R.N. **OWIER**, FRANK FINE, Chicago, women's 100: both 14th, with 2,105 pins, Miami, Fla.

BOXING

BOBBY CALDWELL, 1-round KO over Randy Satch, mid-dwight, New York. **ORLANDO ZULUETA**, 16-round decision over Maximo Rask, lightweight, Kasper, Mo.

GOOF

ED WINDSOR, Oklahoma City, Kansas City Open, with 273 in 12 holes.

HORSE RACING

PRINCESS STUBBS and **DEMOISEL** (dead heat), \$19,050 Acacia Stakes, 1 m., in 1:31 4/5, Belmont Pk. N.Y. **Kerry Wesime** up on Princess Tiana, Conn McQuay up on Bayard. **LYNN ROY**, \$27,500 Golden State Breeders' Handicap, 1 1/4 m., in photo finish, in 1:42 2/3, Hollywood Pk. Calif. **Johnny Longden** up. **SENNER SOLISTICE**, \$71,075 Belmont Sprint Handicap, 1/2 m., by 3 1/4 lengths, in 1:49 2/5, Washington Pk. Md. **Johnny Adams** up.

PENTATHLON

LT. JOSEPH A. O'HARE, San Antonio, rifle, modern pentathlon, individual title, with 4,674 pts., San Antonio.

ROWING

STANFORD, men's 5: Columbia and UCLA, by 1/2 length, for Ed Harnock Cup, Los Angeles. **CORNELL**, over Syracuse, by 1 length, in 5:46 3/4 for 2 1/4 m., Syracuse, N.Y. **NAVY** 1952 OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS over Penn and Wisconsin, in 5:40 for 2,000 meters, Philadelphia.

TENNIS

DIKE SAWITT, Houston, over Vic Seixas, 7-5, 6-6, 1-6, 6-4. **Colin Cressell** (professional) Memphis. **PANCHO SENNALES**, over Tony Trabert, 6 matches in 1. **Gonzalez** leads World Pro Tour, 70-31. **ENGLAND**, capt. Trickett, 3-6, **Great Brit.** (European zone second round match, **Belgrade**. **INDIA**, over Japan, 3-2, **Olivier Carls** zone host, Tokyo.



GETTING ACROBATIC, Redleg McMillan does handstand after hard slide into second by Dodge Hodges.



GETTING READY for Olympic Games in fall, Melbourne's Main Stadium undergoes major alterations to increase seating capacity from 85,000 to 110,000.



GETTING RIGGED for Bermuda Race, Harry Haskell's new 73-foot 3-inch Vestar prepares for launching.

COMING EVENTS

May 25 through June 3

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Auto Racing

Lockheed 24-hour Rally, Los Angeles (also May 26)
NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Abbeville, Pa.

Baseball

● Columbus vs. Charlotte, Columbus, Ga., 7 p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

● Charles Humez vs. Gene Faltner, middleweights, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

College

Penn State vs. Cornell, State College, Pa.
Union vs. RPI, Schenectady.

Sailing

Shoreline Class Olympic trials, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.
Storm Trypton Open race, Lochmont, N.Y.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Victoria, B.C.

Track & Field

Big Ten Outdoor championships, Minneapolis, (also May 26).
IC4-A Outdoor championships, New York (also May 26).

SATURDAY, MAY 26

Auto Racing

Indianapolis 500-mile Classic qualification trials, Indianapolis (also May 27)
NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Columbia, S.C.

Baseball

● New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)

● Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Dog Show

Illinois Valley Kennel Club show, Peoria, Ill.

Horse Racing

● The California, \$100,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., 8:20 p.m. (NBC)
● Jersey Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Garden State, Camden, N.J., 5:45 p.m. (NBC)
Top Flight Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, fillies and mares, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Hunt Racing

Adamsport Harts Race Meeting, Purchase, N.Y.

Ice Hockey

Army vs. Navy, West Point, N.Y.
Mt. Washington vs. Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Ohio State vs. Cleveland L.C., Columbus, Ohio.

Track & Field

Californian Relays, Modesto, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

Auto Racing

3,000-kilometer race, Nurburgring, Germany.
NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Pittsburgh.

Baseball

● New York vs. Brooklyn, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Racing

Memorial Day races, Green Lake, Seattle.

Sailing

New York Rowing Association Regatta, Belleville, N.J.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Portland, Ore.

Track & Field

AAU 25-kilometer Walk, Lake Hopatcong, N.J.

MONDAY, MAY 28

Auto Racing

Swedish Auto Rally to the Midnight Sun, ends near Stockholm (through June 3)

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Cincinnati, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Joey Giardello vs. Charley Colton, middleweights, St Nick's, New York (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)

Golf

British Amateur, Troon, Scotland (through June 2)
Western Amateur, Nashville (through June 3).

Horse Racing

Whittington Handicap, \$70,000, 8 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

Tennis

New England championships, Hartford, Conn. (through June 4)
World Tennis Tour, Medford, Ore.

TUESDAY, MAY 29

Baseball

● New York vs. Boston, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Billy Kuyote vs. Billy McNeese, light heavyweights, Miami Beach (10 rds.)
Ernie Durando vs. Frank Suzzina, middleweights, Milwaukee (10 rds.)
Stan Harrington vs. Pat (Mokey) Hantz, welterweights, Honolulu (10 rds.).

Korfes

Midland championship rodeo, Midland, Texas (through June 2).

Tennis

Triple A tournament, St. Louis (through June 3)

Track & Field

All-Marine Championships, Quantico, Va.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30

Auto Racing

Indianapolis 500-mile Classic, Indianapolis.
NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Kansas City, Kans.
NASCAR 150-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Syracuse, N.Y.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Chicago, Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Willie Pazbanzo vs. Chuck Spitzer, heavyweights, New Orleans Auditorium, New Orleans (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Cycling

Raglan Anderson Memorial 50-mile Tour of Somerville, Somerville, N.J.

Horse Racing

Brandywine Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/16 miles, 2-yr.-olds and up, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.
Oration Handicap, \$40,000, 1 3/8 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago
Metropolitan Handicap, \$50,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds and up, Belmont Park, N.Y.
Will Rogers Stakes, \$25,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-old colts and geldings, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

Hunt Racing

All Western Inboard Sweepstakes, Long Beach, Calif.
Memorial Day Outboard races, Okeechobee Lake, Syracuse, N.Y.

Sailing

Eastern Point Yacht Club race, Gloucester, Mass.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Carmel, Calif.

THURSDAY, MAY 31

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*)

Golf

Pittsburgh Women's Open, \$7,500, Pittsburgh (through June 3)
Texas International Open, \$70,000, Dallas (through June 3)

Horse Show

Northwest Quarter Horse show, Pendleton, Ore. (through June 2).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Sacramento, Calif.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

Auto Racing

NASCAR 150-lap Convertible Championship Circuit race, Oklahoma City.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Brooklyn, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Larry Boardman vs. Frankie Ryff, lightweights, Madison Square Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Show

Dak Brook Polo Club show, Hinsdale, Ill. (through June 3).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Palo Alto, Calif.

Track & Field

Compton Invitational, Compton, Calif.

Weight Lifting

AAU Senior championships, Philadelphia (also June 2).

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

Baseball

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)

● Boston vs. Kansas City, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Dog Show

Ladies' Dog Club show, Medford, Mass.

Horse Racing

The Kent, \$25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.
Peter Pan Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Hunt Racing

Orchard Meeting, Louisville.

Ice Hockey

Army vs. Maryland L.C., West Point, N.Y.

Rowing

Canadian Schooley championships, St. Catharines, Ont.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Newport Beach, Calif.

Track & Field

South Texas Association championships, Corpus Christi, Texas.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

Auto Racing

Grand Prix at Belgium, Spa, Belgium.
NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Waco, Tex.
Texas National Championship Sports Car races, Fort Worth.

Baseball

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Dog Show

Framingham District Kennel Club show, Framingham Center, Mass.

Horse Show

Texas Quarter Horse show, Denison, Texas.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, La Jolla, Calif.

Track & Field

AAU 30-kilometer Walk, Dayton, Ohio.

*See local listing

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

Calumet had a day of varied fortunes. Off the track a title was lost, but Fabius brought new glory as the

HERO AT PIMLICO

WHEN Jimmy Jones recently took over the duties of senior trainer of Calumet Farm from his father, Ben, it seems he inherited not only the renowned Jones ability in the specialized art of training but the equally familiar fondness for gloomy pessimism on the eve of battle. Jimmy never upheld the theory of heredity with more élan than he did last week at Pimlico.

All week long the center of attraction was the Kentucky Derby winner Needles who, true to form, did pretty much as he pleased and nothing more—which added up to two weeks and a blowout in 14 days. "All of 'em," said unperturbed Trainer Hugh Fontaine, "were on the slow side, but we're used to that by now." But the usual quiet confidence in the Needles camp was tinged during the last day or two before the Preakness with growing respect for Fabius, the Derby runner-up, who carries the same famous devil-red and blue silks that his sire, Citation, bore as the last Triple Crown winner back in 1948. Sitting in the stable area snack shop while waiting for the drawing of post positions, Owner Bonnie Heath bravely teased out an honest opinion. "This is going to be our toughest race. We're going to need all the luck. No use kiddin' ourselves, Fabius is the fellow we've got to beat. If he opens up a big lead he's going to be tough to catch."

Jimmy Jones, of course, was glad to learn of the high regard in which the enemy held Fabius, but when he finally set down at Pimlico after a hectic week of scurrying between Maryland, New Jersey and New York he was somber as ever. "Oh, sure," he said, "my horse has been training well, he's a willing worker and he shouldn't disgrace us." Then Jimmy threw in the tearjerker. "The only question in my mind is whether he's good enough to do the job. Now, that Needles is a good colt; he's a lot better than people give him credit for being. Why, shucks, any horse with one run like his can beat you to death. I'm real scared of him, I don't mind telling you."

This question of a horse with one run, so to speak, became a lively issue on Preakness Day. The Fabius supporters (none of the other seven Preakness starters ever really drew more than a passing glance from the crowd of 29,774) held to the view that a race a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby would favor their choice almost as much as Pimlico's tight turns and shorter stretch would work against Needles. A one-run horse like Needles who comes from so far back in the pack, they argued, would need a long



FROWNS AS well as smiles were in order for Jimmy Jones, expert Calumet trainer.

race to be most effective. Not so, said the Needles camp, and Jimmy Jones himself backed the dissenting theory when he said, "I always figured Whirlaway a late runner with one big burst of speed. Well, he could do all right going only seven-eighths if he had to. He didn't have to have longer distances."

Attention in the paddock was focused almost entirely on the two big contenders. Trainer Fontaine buddied briefly with Dave Erb, his regular jockey. "I never tell Dave what to do," says Fontaine. "He's cool and has a world of confidence. He knows." A few stalls away, Jones, the sole Calumet representative on the grounds

(Owner Mrs. Gene Markey and her husband were traveling, and Ben Jones stayed home in Kentucky), had a few words with his jockey, young Willie Hartack. "You don't have to set the pace. Take back off it a bit, but just be careful and don't let the speed horses kill you off."

As everybody by now well knows, Fabius won the Preakness. He won it by running his race perfectly—although his time of 1:58 2/5 was well off Nashua's track record of 1:54 3/5—while Needles lost not through running badly but simply, as Erb sadly explained it later, "by finishing without all of that old punch."

Needles—punch or no punch—did all right. He came once again from dead last to finish only a length and three-quarters behind the winner and a length to the good of No Regrets.

Erb, as graceful a loser as he was a winner, explained: "I really can't give any excuse of bad luck. Maybe, though, this Derby took more out of him than any of us realized. I just don't believe the Preakness was his true race. He had a nice move but a weak run." Erb gave a sort of nod of approval when it was suggested that a horse of leisure like Needles—usually accustomed to a full month between paydays—simply wasn't about to pitch in with his best effort until he felt like it, and that after only two weeks he was just getting that restful holiday feeling instead of an urge to make more money.

"Don't you worry," said Dave. "I expect they may be hearing from us about Belmont time [the Belmont Stakes on June 16]."

Jones's immediate plans for Fabius are uncertain. "We'll take 'em one week at a time from now on," he said. "He did all right today, and I'm higher on him now than ever before."

Jimmy Jones left Pimlico with other news to cheer him: on Preakness Day two of Calumet's best 3-year-old fillies, Beyond and Princess Turia, had dealthed for first place in Belmont's traditional Acorn Stakes. And over at Garden State another runner, the 4-year-old Trentonian, had won his third race of the season. The realization that he may have one of the strongest stables in the country added to Jimmy's jubilation that night and possibly, too, it was a consolation to everyone at Calumet that on the day when their greatest champion of all, Citation, was finally dethroned as the richest horse in the world (see page 23), Citation's son Fabius went out and licked a colt Jimmy Jones had pessimistically predicted could "beat us to death." (END)

**The power of positive thinking and a left hook
beat Bobo and reaffirmed Sugar Ray's role as the**

SWEETEST SCIENTIST

IF BOXING were nothing more than two muscular men bashing each other about the head and body, its integrity as a sport would be as questionable as that of some who make a living off the pure, strong bodies of boxers. Its virtue, though, lies in something deeper. There is a family resemblance between the swift, smashing moves of the fighter and the slow, pondered moves of the chess player. Both are games in which success depends upon the proper application of speed and power, guided by intelligence. One waits in chess for the right moment, but one prepares for it too.

It was so the other night in Los Angeles when Sugar Ray Robinson, who had done it twice before, knocked out Bobo Olson, thereby retaining the middleweight championship of the world he had won from Olson last December. The real question was not so much whether Robinson could beat Olson—he had beaten him three times, once by decision—but what method he would use for the kill this time. The last time out Olson had succumbed to a right-left-right combination, after he had been induced to expose the left side of his jaw. It was reasonable to conclude that this time he would keep a protective glove up there.

Training at Greenwood Lake, New York before moving west to permanent quarters at San Jacinto, California, Sugar Ray applied his best thinking to the problem of how to open up Olson for the knockout punch. He experimented on the speed bag but, while he was able to work the right-left-right there with correct dispatch, he failed miserably on a variation—left-right-left—suggested by his co-manager, George Gainford.

At the same time Olson and his manager, Sid Fisherty, were thinking how they might use Bobo's best assets, stamina and youth, against the 35-year-old-or-thereabouts Robinson, who has been a professional fighter since 1940. The longer the bout lasted the better chance Bobo would have. There is still a doubt whether Robinson's

good-looking legs can hold him up for 15 rounds. Bobo was given a rather simple strategy: "Wear Robinson down by body punching, clinching and leaning during the early rounds, and protect your jaw at all times. After he's tired out maybe your infighting will be enough to win a decision."

It was, in fact, about the only strategy possible. In Wrigley Field's little 18-foot ring (in other cities rings go up to 24 feet) there would be small chance for Bobo to stab and run. Besides, that is not his natural style.

There was something else, though, that no strategy could fix. Bobo had to be convinced that he had a chance to win, and it was fairly clear on the day of the fight that this conviction was not in him. If, that is, you can judge what a man feels by noting how he looks and ignoring what he says. At the weighin Bobo was morose and downcast. His skin was a sallow yellow, his eyes moist. He said he felt fine. When Robinson, bright and bouncy, slapped him on the back and whispered a few cheery words to him, Olson's dark-bristled chin sank lower on his chest. He mumbled something.

He had to be weighed twice. With trunks on, he was just a shade over the 160-pound limit. Looking about Hol-

lywood Legion Stadium (the site of the weighin), Announcer Ben Bentley saw a sprinkling of women in the audience and bellowed a prim warning:

"We will not be responsible for what happens when these fighters stand before you nude."

The ladies seemed not to hear.

"Will the ladies on this side of the ring [near the scales] please move to the other side?" Bentley pleaded. "There is a weight situation and he will have to remove his trunks."

There was no exodus of women. After all, this is Hollywood. The weighin proceeded. Without trunks, Bobo just made it. Robinson was a half pound lighter, trunks and all.

That afternoon the skies were clear but thunder rolled over Wrigley Field. Uncle Sam was demanding priority on Robinson's share of the purse but settled for a down payment of \$25,000 on \$89,000 in taxes owed since 1949. Olson's legal wife made a similar move to tie up his earnings but, apparently, Bobo did not learn of this until after the fight. He may have been striving to avoid excuses, for the word was all over town, but Bobo insisted that he did not know of his wife's action until he was served with a paper in his dressing room after the fight.

So, presumably, when he faced Robinson in the ring, Bobo's mind was reasonably clear of those problems that come with dual domesticity. All he had to think about was how to keep from being knocked out for, say, 10 rounds. Then youth would carry him through the other five. That seemed to be enough to worry him, though. He had a sombre look to him. Robinson, on the other hand, was gay and debonair, immaculately groomed. Before he

continued on next page



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BOXING

continued from page 37

slipped on the orange gloves the high polish on his trimly manicured nails glistened in the afternoon sun.

The announcements were made and the bell rang. At that moment the rival strategies came under test.

Very soon the crowd was yelling in protest because Bobo, true to his plan, was clinching at every opportunity and grimly resisting the efforts of Referee Mushy Cullahan to part him from the safety of embrace. Robinson looked amused, in a bored sort of way, and from time to time snapped a left hook to Olson's head or a right to the body. Olson tried lefts to the head, mostly to put him within clinching range. It was Robinson's round.

"The first round," Robinson explained later in a step-by-step summation of his strategy, "was a feeler. I had to see how he was going to fight; we could see then that he was going to try to last."

So then the plan began to function. In the second round Robinson threw left hooks to the head but missed with his right. As in the first round, Olson kept his gloves by his head except when he saw a clear chance to punch or clinch. Robinson was very fast, throwing rights and lefts to head and body. Still, he was not sharp. He took the round by a large margin, mostly because Olson persisted in his holding.

ADVICE EN FRANCAIS

During this round George Gainford began to yell in French at Robinson, who picked up a certain fluency during his dancing days in Paris. "*Duvement! Duvement!*" Gainford would shout from time to time. It was a plea that Robinson box sweetly and not make a nonsensical try for a knockout before the precise opportunity presented itself. There had been little flurries in which Robinson looked overcast.

In the third round Sugar Ray put into play the essence of his plan.

"You see," he said, "after the first round I knew I had to encourage him to fight. I'd lag my right hand and a couple of times I'd be late with my punching. That way I gave him a little confidence. He hit me once in the belly with a good left hand. It didn't hurt because, after all, he is not a hurting puncher, but it gave him confidence. That was in the third round, I think."

Some gave that round to Olson, some called it even, but it was Olson's best by far. Robinson hit him lightly with a left to the head and a right to

the body—the exact opposite of the knockout combination to come—and was clearly slowing down, an impression as calculated as the launching of a guided missile. It was an impression that registered all too well in Olson's keenly observing corner.

The success of the Robinson design for winning was fully confirmed by Olson after the fight.

"I was starting to press harder," he said, discussing the fourth round. "I thought he was getting tired in the third round."

That's what he was meant to think. The fourth round was in its third minute, and Olson, fired with synthetic confidence, was punching much more freely when suddenly there were two loud splats, followed by a roar from the crowd. Olson was down on his back. He had been hit with a paralyzing right hand to the pit of the abdomen, followed instantly by the stunning force of a left hook to the jaw. And there it was again, the old familiar picture—Olson writhing on the canvas, Robinson jumping for joy.

When Olson regained consciousness he was standing in the middle of a crowd in the ring, and from this deduced that the fight was over. What punch, he wanted to know, had knocked him out?

It was, of course, the left hook, delivered with extraordinary impact. It traveled no more than eight inches.

"The first punch," said Robinson, concluding his lecture on the science and esthetics of box-fighting, "was preparatory. I drove it to the belly in order to put him in position for the left hook. It brought his hand down and that was all I needed."

It seems very likely that this match meant the end of Bobo Olson as a fighter, though neither he nor Flaherty would say what plans, if any, they have. But Bobo has been knocked out three times in less than a year, and that, surely, gives a broad hint of what may happen to him if he is allowed to continue in the ring. As a matter of fact, the chances are that Bobo had had it long ago—perhaps on the night that Archie Moore knocked him out. Bobo showed nothing thereafter, very likely because he no longer had anything.

As for Robinson, he wants a rest. He has no other plans. He needs to make money, much of it to pay off back taxes, and will fight as soon as a good gate is assured—perhaps against Carmen Basilio, if Carmen wins back the welterweight title.

He will have a plan for the next one too.

END

Some gridiron dreams burgeon while others fade at spring practice—where coaches separate the

MEN FROM THE BOYS

FOOTBALL TEAMS are made in the spring. On hundreds of sodden fields young hopefuls in tattered and colorless uniforms have been engaged in the time-honored practice of "knocking heads." For 20 sessions—all the NCAA permits—the men have been given a series of violent, body-bruising workouts, which coaches favor only in the spring. This is in contrast to fall practice, where stars must be protected from injury.

Coaches can tell little about their freshman crop during the fall. Quite a number of outstanding stars of doubtful academic proficiency never even go out for football in their first fall. The head coaches, supported by the deans, are only interested in varsity careers. Most head coaches don't want "winning" frosh teams, for obvious reasons. True, there was a coach down South who kept his job for 15 years, although his varsity teams were singularly unsuccessful, by always having a winning freshman team. Each winter on the banquet circuit he would say, "Well, gentlemen, we didn't win many this year, but we had a great undefeated freshman team last fall. We'll get 'em next year." This worked until one evening an irreverent old alumnus arose to protest, "Mr. Coach, this is all mighty fine about what you're going to have next fall, but I'd like to live to see the damn day when we're gonna have next year's team this year."

Fall practice is mostly aimed at polishing, perfecting and preparing for next Saturday's opponent. Spring practice is less important to the veterans, although at this time the coaches try to remedy old weaknesses noted in the preceding campaign. But to the rising sophomores the spring trials are vital. On these fields so many high school stars with bulging scrapbooks wane and wilt. The high-scoring halfback from Poly Prep unexpectedly shows a tendency to squat at the hole when menacingly confronted by an upper-class backer-up, while the 230-

pound tackle, who was an irresistible bull-in-a-china-shop at his local high, suddenly becomes Mary's little lamb when he squares off against players of equal size. These things are not revealed in statistics—they are the intangibles concretized by the pitiless spring.

Possibly the prime objective of the coaching staff in the spring is (euphemistically speaking) to establish the "intestinal fortitude" of each candidate. To a lesser extent this period is also used to experiment with new plays and formations and to try out players at different positions. For instance, a big freshman fullback might not have the quickness to play in the varsity backfield and yet be a tremendous defensive linebacker. He will be moved more than likely to a center or guard

position. There might be a fast moving tackle, who is perhaps a little light and springy for an interior line post. He will be placed at end. Spring is the time for experiments with plays and personnel which can be costly if saved for September.

My friend Douglas Clyde (Peahead) Walker, who worked with me at Yale and is now the coach of the Montreal Alouettes, had the darndest spring drill that I've ever seen. He called it his 11-on-one drill, and it was just that. He would line up an entire offensive team and just put one man on defense. They would block him right, left, straight ahead and mouse-trap him. Of course, only the men assigned on the regular plays to block him were supposed to do the actual blocking. But it just didn't work out that way: five or six men would hit him on every play. And all the time Peahead was exhorting him to "make the tackle." He would give each lineman from end to end about 10 minutes apiece of this drill. "You know," he drawled, "after a couple of weeks of this it's not hard to tell who your football players are." Facetiously, one day he told me how he selected his backs and linemen: "I just take about 50 of them down to the woods next to the practice field. I blow my whistle and tell them to come out on the other side as fast as they can. If they dodge

continued on next page



"They look like red-backed sandpipers to me."

FOOTBALL

continued from page 29

the trees on their way through, they're hacks. If they just run over them and knock them down, then those are my linemen."

There is no soft way to become a football player. Football is blocking and tackling, and it can't be taught on the blackboard. Behind all the glamour of crowded stands, with the bands playing and flags flying on a fall Saturday afternoon, are hours of physical contact on the practice field. It's drill, drill, drill, drill and sometimes drudgery. It's getting knocked down and knocking someone one down.

THE WORLD THIS SPRING

On the Coast. Ronnie Knox at UCLA was playing handball and thrust his throwing hand through a wire-encased window. But he was back for the last few sessions of the UCLA's late spring practice. Across town at USC the block-busting fullback C. R. Roberts was making life generally miserable for opponents.

California's fullback Jerry Drew, barring the injury bugaboo, could be the most explosive back on the Coast this fall. And John Brodie, Stanford's All-America quarterback candidate, could put the Indians in the Rose Bowl with his pinpoint passing. He threw three touchdown passes in a spring scrimmage. Watch Dick Baas at College of the Pacific.

New Coach Darrell Royal is attempting to rebuild strifetorn Washington with a get-tough policy, and apparently has a free hand. "Don't Gripe—Transfer" is his platform. "People tell me," he grins, "that they are behind me—win or tie." Luther (Hit and Run) Carr, a sensational freshman halfback, is being tried at the vital split-T quarterback position. He is an erratic passer but can run like the wind. If Carr makes the grade the Huskies could very well field the first all-Negro backfield at a major college, along with Credell Green, Jimmy Jones and Bobby Herring. Another new coach, Jim Sutherland, is drilling at Washington State, where Jack Fanning, an all-round athlete from Rogers High School, Spokane is the sophomore to watch.

From the Rockies. Colorado University is abandoning the single wing and switching to the multiple offense. New Coach Don Mullison at Colorado A&M, Skyline champions under Coach Bob Davis last year, says his center Bob Weber is the best middle man in this part of the country. Phil Dick-

ens, the transplanted Tennessean now coach at Wyoming, says he has a tackle built just like Herman Hickman named John Higgins. "He should be great," he quotes. Not mine.

In the South. Georgia Tech, the best-looking squad in the South last fall, concentrated on new blood this spring. The Yellow Jackets lose their first eight backs this coming season. Thus the long-term planning. Wally Butts at Georgia was impressed with the quarterbacking of Joe Comfort this spring. Joe is not an expert passer, but "moves the ball." The standout of Mississippi State's spring practice was rising Sophomore Quarterback Billy Stacy. Ronny Quillian, the No. 2 ground-gainer in the SEC in 1955, is being tested as the All-America fullback at Tulane. Auburn has the finest end squad in the SEC. The once-great Alabama has fallen on evil days. Expect little improvement this fall. Ole Miss is three-deep in fullbacks, with all-SEC Paige Cothren, Jerry Baker and Bill Hurst returning. Tennessee supporters are more than high on the spring practice running of Fullback Carl Smith. Aligned with the talented John Majors at tailback the Vols' single-wing attack should be plenty potent this fall. Maryland's Mike Sandusky looks like the best tackle in the South—and maybe the country. Miami will have a greatly improved passing attack this fall.

From the East. Optimism runs rampant at Pittsburgh after last season's fine showing. Never since the days of Jock Sutherland has the crunch of the tackle and the thud of the block sounded as convincing as this spring. At Army the search went on for the "missing" quarterback to work behind a great Cadet forward wall. At Navy the search was also on for a quarterback to replace the great George Welsh and six other "missing" regulars. Center Wilson Whitmire was a standout performer.

From the Midwest. Best bet to fill Hop-along Cassidy's spot at Ohio State, though not his shoes, is rising Soph Dick LeBeau. Unpredictable Illinois uncovered two big tackle prospects this spring: Ron Nietupski, 227 pounds, and Ron Butkus, 235 pounds. Indiana's Center Joe Amstutz, one of the Big Ten's best linebackers, has a weight problem: he's 274 and must get down to a sylphlike 244 by fall. This is building year at Iowa after its loss of the entire starting backfield, but Coach Forest Evashevski is optimistic about a better passing attack. Word is that in-and-out Minnesota will be in this fall. Just might be Coach Murray War-

math's year. The big news from Ann Arbor is that Michigan's All-America End Ron Kramer was sensational this spring as a right halfback. Right now Michigan State must be considered tops in the Big Ten. They need a quarterback to replace Earl Morrall but have probably the two best halfbacks in the country in Clarence Peaks and Walter Kowalczyk. "I wouldn't trade Peaks for any halfback in the country. I have never seen anyone who can do as many things as well as he can," says his coach Duffy Daughtery. Only three regulars were on Notre Dame's spring roster, but sturdy sophs are legion. An outstanding rising soph tackle is Bronko Nagurski Jr. Remember the name? Their schedule is tougher than ever, but don't sell them short.

From the Southwest. Buddy Dike, out last year with a kidney injury, did a tremendous job as fullback during Texas Christian's spring practice. He may make last year's starter Vernon Hallbeck move over. Texas A&M keeps intact the team which came within a game of winning the SWC last fall. Most improved player is a one-armed guard, Murry Trimble. At Texas, Walt Fendren, all-conference halfback, dislocated his shoulder early in spring practice but will be ready by fall. Vince Matthews, rated the pick of the Texas high school crop two years ago, was the bright light of the drills. Southern Methodist's line looks strong and its quarterbacking weak. Junior Halfback Charlie Jackson is the team's best and fastest runner, but a sophomore fullback, Wayne Slankard, may be outstanding in the backfield. Under New Coach Sam Boyd, Baylor worked hard on a passing attack this spring and tested the fragility of the now almost legendary quarterback Doyle Traylor, who has been injured for two years. Arkansas concentrated their spring drills on the best freshman team in the school's history. Jackie Mitchell will continue with his "pigeon-toed T." Loaded Oklahoma has added another great back; his name is Jackie Sandifer.

END

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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A David among Goliaths, Jack McAfee hurtled his little Porsche to second in the big race and won another for a

CUMBERLAND COUP

THE AIRPORT COURSE: at Cumberland, Md. is an exciting course for drivers who choose to race along its 1.6 miles of length, around its seven curves and down its single straightaway of less than half a mile. When the Sports Car Club of America unleased 334 cars at its meeting there this week, considerable excitement was also provided for the 50,000 spectators who turned out on this bright, cool day. They saw their share of desperate finishes as well as runaway victories.

In the latter category belonged E. M. (Pup) Pupulidy's silk-smooth win in his Porsche in the first race, for Class G production cars, and Jack McAfee's fantastically fast race in a Porsche 350 which outlasted everything in the Class E and F modified free-for-all. In that race McAfee finished with an average speed of 67.2 mph, the second fastest time of the day.

Behind these leaders, in the races of the smaller cars, there were some very spirited battles. One of the most extraordinary of these contests came in the 45-minute race for Classes G and H modified, which in layman's language means little cars that go like rockets. Two Lotuses, driven by Doc Wyllie and Frank Baptista, hogged the lead in this one, fighting through curves and straightaway for lap after lap until Baptista's clutch oiled up and the decision went to the doctor; but behind them were a Cooper, driven by Fred Schavi, and two Alfa-Romeo Giuliettas from Max Hoffman's stable driven by two good men, Carroll Shelby and Chuck Wallace. So evenly matched were these two that for many laps they seemed tied together by a fairly taut string, even to the point of taking the corners side by side. The Cooper participated in this affair for a while, then drew away to come in second in front of Baptista and his slipping clutch; the Alfas continued their fraternal struggle until finally Carroll Shelby pulled ahead and stayed there.

Cumberland Airport is a place that tends to prove that cubic inches are

not the whole answer to winning races. Speed is only one-third of the story. The rest is braking and cornering, and here the biggest cars can often be severely tried by their less speedy but more nimble—or more skillfully handled—fellows. The ladies provided a good example of this in their 20-minute run involving eight cars of four different classes. Mrs. Peggy Wyllie, the fairer half of a redoubtable husband and wife team, shot her favored red Jaguar XK140MC right into the lead. She held it, too, but on every corner she was pressed hard by Mrs. Evelyn Mull in a slower and heavier Jaguar XK120M.

When the bigger production cars got their turn, the Mercedes 300SL, the Corvettes and Jaguars, they turned in times that were slower than McAfee's in his Porsche. But there was certainly nothing lacking in excitement in the show put on by two Mercedes in the C and D production class race.

This was a race which was won by canny skill. It started out with Chuck Wallace leading, and leading well, in a fire-red Mercedes bearing the number one. Behind him Paul O'Shea, winner of SI's trophy for the sports car driver of the year, came steadily closer in a silver car, No. 233. O'Shea at last

passed Wallace on a curve, then was himself passed again. In the next lap, in a near tangle of fenders on another curve, O'Shea pulled ahead once more and led by a nose. The issue was finally decided in the end-curve just beyond the finish line. O'Shea had been taking this hazard slowly; now, as Wallace once again tried to pass him on the inside, he barreled ahead. Wallace, taken by surprise, was forced to use an escape route, and from then on it was O'Shea's race, with Wallace coming in third.

But if there was a driver of the day, it was Jack McAfee in his Porsche 350. As tremendous as his performance was in the Class E and F modified race, he capped it all in the final race of the day, the one-hour contest of the Class B, C and D modified cars (the supposed big guns of the day) in which, as a result of his earlier victory, his car participated. This was the race of the D Jaguars, set up to lead in the long straights of Le Mans. Four were from the stable of Briggs Cunningham, and in the opinion of the experts this was destined to be a D Jaguar parade. This prediction became practically a certainty when, in practice the day before, McAfee's 3.5 Ferrari, the D Jaguars' most serious opponent, lost a valve and reduced one cylinder, complete with piston, to scrap metal.

McAfee, however, changed all that. A fifth D Jaguar tuned especially for Cumberland won going away, driven beautifully and fiercely by Walt Hansen, who at last had a car worthy of his skill. But for all of that, it was McAfee's race. Coming from behind, from somewhere around sixth place in the first few laps, McAfee's silver Porsche, with a ragged number 80 painted in

continued on next page



continued from page 43

the classic of the sports cars



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black on its begrimed sides, worked up steadily past car after car, including John Benett's D Jaguar and Bill Lloyd's Maserati until it had second place clinched for good. Walt Hangan's winning time, in his dark-green D Jaguar, was 68 mph, just 8 10 of a mile faster than McAfee's time in the race he won among cars of his own class. Lloyd's Maserati came in third, John Fitch in a Cunningham D Jaguar fourth. It almost seemed as though the 3.5 Ferrari McAfee lost in practice the day before was not missed at all.

RESULTS

FIRST RACE: Class G production—1, E. M. Pupully, Porsche 1,300, 59.3 mph; 2, G. Valentine, MG TC; 3, W. Long, MG TF.

SECOND RACE: Classes G & H modified—1, M.R.J. Wythe, Lotus Mark IXA, 62.5 mph; 2, F. Scavi, Cooper Climax; 3, F. Bagliva, Lotus Mark IX, Class H—1, H. Hanna, DB; 2, K. C. Wanamaker, Olewiler; 3, H. Flynn, Stata.

THIRD RACE: Class F production—1, L. Underwood, Porsche Carrera; 2, P. S. Thacher, Porsche Carrera; 3, S. Spitzer, MGA.

FOURTH RACE: (ladies' race) over 1,500 cc & over-all—1, M. Wyllie, Jaguar XK-140MC, 48.2 mph; 2, E. Mull, Jaguar XK-120M; 3, S. Dietrich, MG TC. Under 1,500 cc—1, M. McClure, MG TD; 2, J. Speldel, MGA; 3, N. Thompson, Porsche.

FIFTH RACE: Classes E & F modified—over-all 1, J. McAfee, Porsche 550, 67.2 mph; 2, C. Hansen, Ferrari; 3, E. P. Lunken, Ferrari. Class E—1, C. Hansen, Ferrari; 2, E. P. Lunken, Ferrari; 3, P. H. Norair, Ferrari Mondiale. Class F—1, J. McAfee, Porsche 550; 2, R. A. Fergus, Porsche 550; 3, N. Christensen, Porsche 550.

SIXTH RACE: Classes E & D production—1, F. Moore, Austin-Healey, 100M, 66.7 mph; 2, H. G. Kunt, Austin-Healey 100M; 3, F. S. Pohanka, Jr., Austin-Healey 100M. Class E—1, J. B. Mull, A-C Bristol; 2, G. Andley, Morgan TR2; 3, S. H. Arnold, Arnold-Bristol.

SEVENTH RACE: Classes C & D production—1, Paul O'Shea, 306SL, 64.0 mph; 2, R. Dungan, 306SL; 3, C. Wallace, 306SL. Class C—1, H. E. Carter, Jaguar 140 MC; 2, R. Henry, Corvette; 3, R. E. Mason Jr., Jaguar 140MC.

EIGHTH RACE: Classes B, C, & D modified—1, W. Hangan, D Jaguar, 68.0 mph; 2, J. McAfee, Porsche 550; 3, W. Lloyd, Maserati. Class B—1, R. Bucher, Cadillac Allard. Class C—1, W. Hangan, D Jaguar; 2, J. Fitch, D Jaguar; 3, J. Benett, D Jaguar. Class D—1, W. Lloyd, Maserati; 2, G. Greenspan, Ferrari; 3, T. H. McKenna Jr., Austin-Healey 100S.

TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for beginners
and high-handicap players

from **EDDIE WILLIAMS**, Louisville Country Club, Louisville, Ky.

You will never see a good golfer with "dead" hands. The connection between the golfer and the club must be a live, flexible union. If not, everything good about his footwork and body action will be nullified.

Some golfers grasp the club so tightly that their hand action is deadened. Others grasp it so loosely that there can be no hand action at all. Under such obstructing circumstances, all a golfer can do is to hack stiff-armed at the ball or, at the other extreme, be so loose that the natural wrist and hand action that would result from a good, firm, live grip are not set up to function.

Live hands mean strong hands. Strong hands can be developed through proper exercises with the golf club, indoors and out. The illustrations below show the proper grip and the proper movements for strengthening weak arms and forearms. The stronger the hands, the easier it is to execute good golf shots without tension or strain. When the average golfer learns how to use his hands properly from the time he picks up the club until the finish of his swing, then and only then will he be able to work into a uniform, rhythmic swing.



EXERCISE 1



EXERCISE 2

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THE GAUDY ONES

continued from page 13

Cardinals this far, hitting alone doesn't win pennants. Frank Lane watched his Cardinals score runs, more runs than any other team in the league, more runs than the powerful Cincinnati Redlegs, who have hit over 60% more homers than St. Louis. He saw them win games 10-9 and 14-7, but he saw them outscored 9-10 and 10-14, too.

Lane, who fidgets when he is not trading hallplayers, fidgeted, for the most part, through the first six months of his tenure as Cardinal general manager. Then he sought relief. On May 11 began Lane's Wild Week. He traded away Harvey Haddix, a Cardinal left-hander who had won 20, 18 and 12 games for St. Louis in the past three seasons. He traded away the scrappy Solly Hemus. He traded away Alex Grammas and Joe Frazier. Then he traded away Outfielder Bill Virdon, who last year hit .281 and was picked over Boyer as the National League's Rookie of the Year.

St. Louis fans were stunned. Of the 25-man team that Eddie Stanky bequeathed last May, only eight players remained. Why? Lane and Hutchinson explained that the pitching had to be bolstered. A high-scoring team like the Cardinals needs steady, workmanlike pitching, and they thought that the acquisition of veterans like Murry Dickson, Herman Wehmeier, Max Surkont and Dick Littlefield would provide it. Besides, Hutchinson said of Haddix, "You can't romance with the past. Haddix just wasn't doing it for us." Virdon? Virdon was hitting a few points above a paltry .200 when he was traded. Frank Lane declared: "If players don't produce and you stand with them too long you'll soon find yourself off your feet and on your knees and then off your knees and on your back."

Some columnists expostulated while St. Louis fandom listened and wondered. The Cardinals have been playing exciting, winning baseball. If they keep it up, Lane will be called lucky. If they slump, Lane will be called a lot of things—all unprintable. **END**

X-RAY

TEAM STANDINGS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Thru Week (5/14-20)	Season (to May 20)	Thru Week (5/14-20)	Season (to May 20)
Brooklyn 4-2 .667	Metropolitan 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Pittsburgh 4-2 .667	Brooklyn 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
New York 4-2 .667	St. Louis 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Cincinnati 3-2 .600	Cincinnati 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Philadelphia 3-2 .600	Pittsburgh 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Memphis 3-2 .600	New York 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
St. Louis 2-5 .286	Philadelphia 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Chicago 2-5 .286	Chicago 13-4 .619	St. L. 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Thru Week (5/14-20)	Season (to May 20)	Thru Week (5/14-20)	Season (to May 20)
New York 5-1 .625	New York 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Boston 5-2 .714	Cleveland 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Cleveland 4-2 .667	Boston 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Detroit 4-2 .667	Chicago 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Baltimore 3-3 .500	Baltimore 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Chicago 3-5 .286	Detroit 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Washington 1-5 .143	Washington 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619
Kansas City 1-5 .143	Kansas City 13-4 .619	New York 13-4 .619	Metropolitan 13-4 .619

TEAM LEADERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Rating	Player	Team	Rating	Player	Team
1	Brooklyn	13-4	1	Brooklyn	13-4
2	St. L.	13-4	2	St. L.	13-4
3	Pittsburgh	13-4	3	Pittsburgh	13-4
4	New York	13-4	4	New York	13-4
5	Cincinnati	13-4	5	Cincinnati	13-4
6	Philadelphia	13-4	6	Philadelphia	13-4
7	Memphis	13-4	7	Memphis	13-4
8	St. Louis	13-4	8	St. Louis	13-4
9	Chicago	13-4	9	Chicago	13-4

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Rating	Player	Team	Rating	Player	Team
1	New York	13-4	1	New York	13-4
2	Boston	13-4	2	Boston	13-4
3	Cleveland	13-4	3	Cleveland	13-4
4	Detroit	13-4	4	Detroit	13-4
5	Baltimore	13-4	5	Baltimore	13-4
6	Chicago	13-4	6	Chicago	13-4
7	Washington	13-4	7	Washington	13-4
8	Kansas City	13-4	8	Kansas City	13-4

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 20)

BEST	WORST
Rating (NL)	Rating (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)
Brooklyn (NL)	St. Louis (NL)

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Team	Runs	Team
Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)
St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)
Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)
New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)
Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)
Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)
Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)
St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)
Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)

THE ROOSTERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Team	Runs	Team
Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)
St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)
Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)
New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)
Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)
Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)
Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)
St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)
Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)

THE MEN'S BEST (5/14-20)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Team	Runs	Team
Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)	13-4	Brooklyn (NL)
St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)	13-4	St. L. (NL)
Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)	13-4	Pittsburgh (NL)
New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)	13-4	New York (NL)
Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)	13-4	Cincinnati (NL)
Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)	13-4	Philadelphia (NL)
Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)	13-4	Memphis (NL)
St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)	13-4	St. Louis (NL)
Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)	13-4	Chicago (NL)

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 51 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

WEHLE'S WHALE

LOUIS A. WEHLE, a wealthy upstate brewer and confessed amateur biologist, who was appointed Conservation Commissioner of New York State by Governor Harriman in December 1954, has often jolted technicians with his unorthodox views on wildlife and conservation management. Last week Commissioner Wehle delivered his latest jolt in an announcement that he intended to build, on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, a \$5 million, push-button-controlled, nuclear-powered trout hatchery.

According to Mr. Wehle he studied the problems of hatchery economics for some time and finally concluded that the cost to New York of \$1.47 per pound of stocked fish was far too high, that it could be cut drastically.

The proposed hatchery to be preceded by a \$150,000 pilot plant is a whale of a dream indeed. Tentatively scheduled for construction on a site below Long Sault Dam near Massena, optimum water temperatures will be maintained by the waste heat of a nuclear reactor. Each tank and pool will be filled or emptied automatically. When stocking from the air is feasible (presumably in lakes and ponds but not streams), trout will be drugged, packed in ice with one gill protruding (a method of eliminating tank trucks and aerating machinery which has been successfully used by other states when stocking by airplane) and flown to their destination from a landing strip next to the hatchery.

Although the plans for Mr. Wehle's vision are still on the drawing board, he is confident that its realization will produce bigger trout at less cost and enable New York to eliminate those hatcheries which he describes as still in the horse and buggy days. Just how the big operation will chop New York's present \$1.47 cost per pound of stocked trout all the way to his own estimate of 50¢, Wehle is not sure.

It may be that any cut in costs of raising trout to plantable size could be more than offset by vastly increased

expenditure for distribution since many of New York's present 22 hatcheries are on or close to a major stream.

This week Mr. Wehle's deputy, Justin T. Mahoney, will meet with federal officials in an effort to pry loose government funds for the project and the commissioner rightly or wrongly believes they will be forthcoming.

No qualified fisheries expert would comment this week on Mr. Wehle's vision. Should their reticence reflect an opposition developing in the state legislature and elsewhere, New York State is not yet about to be endowed with the world's first atomic trout hatchery.

If the project lives up to Mr. Wehle's predictions he will be remembered for a significant contribution to fisheries management. If it does not, he will have supplied fresh ammunition to those who believe untrained political appointees are more curse than boon to the cause of wildlife and conservation.

O PISCATOR VULGARIS:

The angler is comfortably perched in his boat off the Gulf's oil rigs and drilling platforms. A diver goes overboard, carrying the angler's crab-baited hook and swims down to locate a jewfish, a species of sea bass that may weigh 500 pounds or more, prefers a forest of pilings as a homesite, and for all its prodigious bulk stages a rather feeble performance when hooked. Having spotted a fish, the diver gently chucks it under the chin. The grateful fish opens its mouth. The diver stuffs the hook therein and signals the angler above to crank up his hard-won trophy.

BEYOND DEATH'S DOOR

the line of the Door County peninsula, which thrusts a 60-mile-long finger out into Lake Michigan. Passing its tip,

New York Conservation Commissioner calls for an atomic hatchery, a dirty trick is played on Texas jewfish, and in Wisconsin a famous twin is dead

they cross Death's Door strait, so called because of the warriors who died there during Indian Wars, and come to Washington Island, where they build their series in the tall white pines, breed and raise their young, while the island below plays host to thousands of summer vacationers.

This spring a landmark for eagles and tourists alike is gone. The surviving twin of a pair of 400-year-old pines has now succumbed to dry rot; instead of its 200-foot-high crown, visitors this summer may look upon the logs into which the pine has been sawed and trace its life struggle in the scars carved by lightning, the gnarled healing of wind-racked limbs and the trails left by insects and birds in their predations.

A seedling long before the first white man crossed Death's Door, the tree was two years in dying; as with its twin, which had to be brought down in 1935, all efforts to save it were in vain.

There are other tall pines in Wisconsin, whites and Norways, and the eagles will undoubtedly find them. Vacationers will come to the island and, never having been awed by its 14-foot girth, will not miss the tree. A long life of service to man and bird is hereby marked.

continued on next page

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opens); SC—season closed (or closes); C—clear water; D—water dirty or oily; M—water muddy; N—water at normal height; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—fishing; WFS—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OP—outlook fair; OY—outlook poor

TROUT. NEW YORK: Heavy shadfly (Green) hatch on Beaverkill and Wolfenbutte last week, and local sockbaiters predict FP until June 4 or 5. But season is screwed up by cold weather, hatches are far behind schedule and anything else happens.

NEW MEXICO: OF throughout the state with the exception of the Chama River, now H and M. High lakes and bejeweled waters of the Pecos are in good shape for wet flies.

COLORADO: OF to OF as the season's first week found H and R water on such streams as Fourter, Gunnison, Arkansas, North Platte,

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 47

Eagle and North Fork of the South Platte. **OF** for the Glenwood Springs area's Prying Pan, Rosamond Fork and Crystal rivers which are all **H** has clearing.

CALIFORNIA: **OF** for bass fishermen in low elevations of northern counties as hot weather and viruses increased the runoff from high snow fields. Higher elevations too conducive to everything but **bug-splashed** vehicles, but bass boys are the Truckee and Little Truckee for those who can reach them.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Report bookings are heavy for the holiday weekend and **OG** in Vancouver Island lakes as well as those in the interior. Shuswap Lake producing fair catches of 3- to 15-pound Kamloops trout on lures trolled near the surface.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Water still very cold in most New Hampshire lakes and trout-haven anglers are taking lake trout near creeks or streams. **OF** for trout streams which are close but cold. A sudden weather change could spell dry fly action.

MAINE: Ice is out on Moosehead and Bangor lakes and **OG** for trappers who work rivers, streams, as well as Lake Umbagog. Lake Umbagog is a 14-pound 6-ounce fish from Branch Pond caught by Louis Boyle of Bangor.

PENNSYLVANIA: Most streams still **H, H, W, W** 46-52 although the Big Spring and Yellow Breeches are yielding some fish in spatters and pinpoints. Hatcheries are still sporadic but hot weather could bring fast change for the better. Angler reports, however, most are less convincing that hot weather will ever arrive.

STRIPED BASS: **NEW JERSEY:** Fish being taken all along northern coast, such fair results at night off jets, at Long Branch. **OF** in Shrewsbury River with better spots, Pennington, Raritan Bridge and old railroad bridge at Fighlands. Trolling with spinner and worm or still-fishing with worms most productive methods.

MANHATTAN: Early run of school fish, six pounds has the Westchester River near Waccubon and Popponesset Beach on Cape Cod's south shore. **OF** for weather worms and larger fish near 1000 Cape waters.

ATLANTIC SALMON: **NOVA SCOTIA:** 44 of the 61 fish taken in the province last week came from Annapolis County rivers. However, six pounds, killed in St. Mary's River and **OF** for most waters.

NEW BRUNSWICK: High water on main Manasquan, Northbrook and Little Northbrook rivers caused poor results last week but **OG** if weather improves. Black salmon up to 25 pounds still showing in Passaic River St. John and Nashua rivers **H** but falling.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: **FG** generally along Vancouver Island coast and in Howe Sound for spring run fish, Fox Pender Harbor and Port-Victoria.

TARPON: **FLORIDA:** Tarpon reported all through bays with **OGV** as long as wind stays down. Large catches also in Tampa area with a 126-pounder taken from the Tampa Estuary in heart of city's shipping district by 15-year-old Matty Hunter, a nurse. Boca Grande Pass on southwest coast living up to its claim as the world's tarpon capital with over 600 fish reported hooked so far in the past. Bay reports tarpon are unusually large and most of those hooked are released. **OGV**.

LOUISIANA: Denny Wehring of New Orleans hooked first tarpon of the year at Grand Isle. Some small schools have been sighted in Lake Pontchartrain, and **OF** **G**.

BLACK BASS: **FLORIDA:** **FG** in most west coast waters. Backwaters of Withlacoochee River above power company dam 46 miles north of Tampa is hottest spot. Little Lake Harris near Leesburg and Lake Wales near Dade also producing full strings. **OGV**. Conditions in Lakeland area very erratic as drought continues, and **OGV** unless heavy rain comes soon.

TROUT: Smallmouth and largemouth bass hitting surface lures better than in recent years, with **OG**. Cherokee Lake **OF** in some areas, feed on surface. Douglas Lake at 3-year peak and **OGV** with surface lures. Loudon, Watts Bar, Fontana, Cane Run and Cumberland lakes **OG**. Pickwick Landing Reservoir **OGV** for smallmouth. Cold Trough of Columbia netted a 61-pounder on a fly rod.



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HIS TAHITI-BOB WIFE, AH YOU, GATHERS FLOWERS FOR HOUSE

THE ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 10

true before it at all speeds. We pulled at her "double chin" stern.

Voroo had always performed beautifully, but she had never fought for her life before. Starling Burgess is dead now, so he will never know—I like to think that his spirit was there watching, for Voroo met her test like the thoroughbred she is, running true and clean. Never once in her hours of trial did she make a false move or fail to lift when she should or fail to respond to every move of the wheel.

That night was the only time I have felt acute danger of being bodily injured by a sea. There was a double manila line around my waist, made

fast to the birts beside me, so I could hardly have been washed overboard. But if I were beaten unconscious by a breaking sea and the ship heeled to out of control, it would amount to the same thing. The danger in these seas lay in the fact that they were unnaturally short compared to their towering, almost perpendicular height. They had built up so incredibly fast against the old easterly sea that they had had no time to lengthen out.

There was fear in the air that night as the great blazing hollow crests hung over my head, blotting out half the sky. My body tried to shrink down into the steering well for shelter from

the blow while my hands spanned the wheel instinctively to maintain control and keep the keel exactly in line with the sea as we made the trembling rush on the crest.

From time to time the others passed up mugs of hot soup through the six-inch compass hole in the after side of the rathouse. Someone would shout through the hole the latest barometer reading as I tried to gulp the soup between seas before the wind siphoned it away into the air. The work at the wheel was physically and nervously exhausting, not only from the strenuous exertion but from the sheer weight of wind which seemed of only slightly less substance than the sea itself. The dark, low-ceilinged sky seemed to press

continued on next page

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THE ULTIMATE STORM

continued from page 43

upon me. There was a feeling of continuity about the gale, of timelessness. In a sort of coma I steered automatically down the face of the great breaking seas. Everything combined to produce weariness—except the growing confidence in Varva.

Sometime around 3 in the morning, before daybreak, a sea larger than any of the others broke just as our stern started to lift to it. Since 2 o'clock, when the storm seemed to reach a crescendo, Tino and Zizi had taken turns pumping oil out through the forward toilet. Possibly there was a lull in the slick just then, due to the men changing shifts. More probably, this sea was just so big that nothing could stop or soften it. I had felt it building up in the ominous calm after two or three other great seas had lifted us and began to tense myself some time before it struck. We had several times been swept by broken water as crests carried us along or by a cross-sea that came in from the wrong direction, but not by one of the main seas.

This time we were under one of the boomers. As Varva lifted on the body of the wave the breaking crest hung high overhead, and as it broke I braced myself as low as I could get in the well, holding the wheel in a viselike grip. It crashed on me with a tremendous blow, burying the entire after part of the ship under solid water but pouring off on either side by the time it got past the charthouse. I remember hoping, just as it hit me on the back, that no big fish were lurking in the crest.

Even under the tremendous power exerted by this sea Varva continued to respond to the helm and held straight on her course dead before it. A moment later came the shouted report through the slot in the compass hole that everything was all right below. Water had spurted through hatches that had always been tight, but that was all.

I had felt that my physical endurance might fail. The immersion in lee-water brought me out of my fatigue with a vengeance. The spiritual lift that came when I saw how the ship handled herself with her whole after part immersed under the weight of a great breaking sea seemed to be the trigger that released in me the extra forces that we call up to carry us through times of great crisis. I was probably still as cold and bone weary as it is possible to get, but the relief from the ultimate crisis made things seem acceptable.

Again and again in those hours, nearly overpowered by great seas in the booming dark of a gale night far south where ships no longer sail, I asked myself, "Why, why am I here?" and had no better answer than that perhaps this was the very thing that had drawn me into this voyage: an unexpressed urge to experience a real Cape Horn gale. We were not off Cape Horn, but we were close enough for this to be the real thing. And above and along with the fear that was in the air that night was the exultation that came with the knowledge that the ship would always respond and that wind of this force could not go on forever and that I could go on and on, instinctively meeting each sea as it came until the storm was over—and perhaps to know this was the reason I was there.

By daybreak the glass was rising slowly, and by 10 a.m. I would have let Tino take her. He came and crouched by me, on the other side of the wheel, but was too appalled by the size of the seas to take the responsibility. They were still destructive; the wind in the squalls still screamed in the rigging, but things were improving. Not until noon would he take her alone. By this time the destructive force was obviously slackening, although there was still plenty of danger.

The gale had started in the northeast; it had piled up the worst seas from northwest at the height of its fury; now it had shifted to west. One had to decide which seas were the most dangerous and meet those, allowing the lesser ones to hit us off balance. And as the wind eased, some of the seas got out of control, becoming what I call "crazy seas" which tower up into a huge pyramid and break quite unpredictably. You could not meet one of these crazy seas as you did the more conventional ones—you just hoped you weren't there.

I wish that we had had an anemometer aboard to check the wind velocity. Within the range that one is familiar with, say up to moderate gale force, one can estimate fairly closely. When you reach force 10 Beaufort, which is whole gale, with winds of 55 to 63 mph, and go beyond into the range which loosely contains storm and hurricane, I don't think anyone can claim to judge with anything approaching accuracy. One's perspective from a small vessel tends to produce exaggeration, which I have always tried to

avoid through underestimating. All I can say is that this storm was way beyond the range of anything I had experienced before.

We were in a region where great seas were to be expected. Ivan Ray Tannehill, the noted meteorological expert states (in *Weather Around the World*): "In the South Pacific . . . near the 50th parallel, there is an unbroken sweep of the sea around the world, and here some very great waves are sometimes observed." Reference is made in this and other works to great waves up to 90, even 112 feet in height. We saw no such monsters, if they really exist, but we saw some mighty big seas. During the height of the storm I was too occupied with the safety of



the ship to measure wave heights. So now, when I had turned the wheel over to Tino, I measured them from the mast by the conventional method of sighting the horizon across the top of the nearest wave when we were at the bottom of the trough and measuring my height of eye above the waterline (see diagram, page 20). The seas had gone down considerably from the height they had reached during the night when the blow was at its worst, but they were still very impressive. Although it was hard to get an accurate horizon, a conservative average of my measurements showed that they were still running 40 feet high. It is not unreasonable to estimate that they were in the vicinity of 50 feet high during the peak hours. The Hydrographic

Office states that the relationship between height of seas and wind velocity is one to 2.05—which would put the wind at around 100 miles an hour.

The thing that impressed me even more than the height of the waves was the short distance between them. For open waters such as these the Hydrographic Office gives 20 times the height as the formula for length of seas, or 1,000 feet for 50-foot waves. Even the 40-foot seas that I measured when the storm was waning would have been 800 feet apart according to this, whereas I don't think they were half that. That was why they were dangerous.

The fact that the storm, which was from northwest at its peak, was blowing against a heavy swell left over from the succession of easterly gales we had previously experienced, would in itself account for something rather spectacular in the way of seas.

It was 5 p.m. when we started to get the drags in, a simple matter of heaving them in one at a time. At 6 p.m. we tried the main staysail on her to feel out the seas under way, leaving two or three drag lines still out and keeping on with the oil. A little later we added the fore staysail and were able to sail our course with the seas on our quarter, seas that were now lengthening out and losing their punch. We hauled in the last of the drags and went on our way, undamaged, but smelling to high heaven of fish oil; sailing in seas that were still greater than any I had previously experienced but that now, by comparison, seemed perfectly safe. The wind was around to southwest now, and as we resumed our regular watches we were able to steer our course for Patagonia.

Released from captivity just before dark, when the crests were no longer dangerous, 11-year-old Piho scrambled out at once into the steering wheel demanding permission to bathe in the rain. Her brown body was covered only by a scrap of red pareo around her middle. I don't suppose it would have hurt her, but the thought of it made me shudder in my woollens, boots and two suits of oilskins. I sent her below to bathe where it was somewhat warmer, but a little later as I was going through my own ritual preliminary to turning in I wondered if perhaps a bath in the rain, no matter how cold, was to Piho what my shave was to me. For, tense and tired as I was, I let down slowly, bathing, shaving, eating leisurely with Ah You at the swinging table—savoring to the full the exquisite satisfaction of peace after storm before going contentedly to my berth. **END**

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GIUSEPPE FARINA, former champion driver from Italy, was pre-race situation in

this Ferrari-engined roadster, only entry with a foreign flavor. Chassis is Kurtis-Kraft.



PAUL RUSSO, Indy veteran, locked the new rear-drive Novis through a 146.6-mph

practice lap, the Brickyard's fastest turn ever, and then qualified at 143.546 mph.



PAT FLAHERTY streaked fastest of all first-day qualifiers to win pole position with

a roadster built last winter by A. J. Watson, a Tulsa mechanic. Average: 145.396 mph.



JIM BRYAN, 1954 AAA champion, qualified at 143.741 mph in Kuzma-designed

roadster with on-board oil tank between portside wheels. Cigar is Bryan trademark.

AT THE BRICKYARD

continued from page 11

appearances it was simply another Indy roadster hardly distinguishable from the Kurtis-Krafts and Kuzmas which had been dominating the race since 1953. Like almost all Indy cars it had the same four-cylinder, 270-cubic-inch Offenhauser engine. Its subtleties were inside—in the suspension, the cooling, the carburetion, the tuning.

At the wheel of No. 8 was a thin red-head named Pat Flaherty, a four-year veteran of the race who finished 10th last year. Flaherty wound up his car, rocketed into the speedway's terrifying corners like a hot-rod and drew "Ohs" from the grandstand as his lap times were announced. His average: 145.396 mph, high for the day and all time. He also turned one lap in 146.056, a fraction faster than Rathmann and another track record. The pole was his.

All weekend the qualifying continued, 29 cars finally committing themselves irrevocably, which means they elected to stand pat with their times and take their chances of being "bumped" from the final by faster qualifiers on the remaining two days. And of these—which included Sweeney, the current king of the "500," and such past royalty as Troy Ruttman and Johnny Parsons—15 had broken the track record for four laps set by McGrath last year.

One of the frequent complaints of the speedway detractors is the similarity of the cars. It is true that any real differences in the cars lie beyond the normal vision of the naked eye, but despite this the interest and fascination of each year's innovations always attract the fans as well as the experts, and 1956 is no exception. First of all, there is No. 9, a red Kurtis-Kraft roadster trimmed in black and apparently no different than others of her sort. But under her hood is a six-cylinder, 269-cubic-inch Ferrari engine, built especially for this car and this track. Although owned by Bardahl Manufacturing Corporation, a West Coast firm which specializes in fuel additives, the Bardahl-Ferrari Experimental Special has become something of an Italo-American joint venture. Ferrari has sent Luigi Parenti, its poly-poly chief racing mechanic, to assist the U.S. crew in tuning the car. And to give the project full international flavor, Bardahl imported Giuseppe (Nino) Farina to drive the car. At 49, Farina (a nephew of the famous Italian body designer) has been driving in European races for 28 years and ranks with

the greatest of the Grand Prix champions. A dashing fellow, who favors a sky-blue poplin driving suit with black-and-white asbestos-lined driving shoes, he has been the focus of attention since his arrival. He passed his driving test with flying colors in a beat-up old Ferrari that ran at Indy years ago and now awaits his first outing in the Bardahl car.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

Although both Bardahl and the Italians emphasize the word "experimental," which they have attached to their car, they are not without hope despite the prohibitive odds against any new car, and they promise to continue the experiment in years to come. "It is a sporty attempt we make," said one of the Italians rather defensively as he watched the Offies scudding around the track at 140 plus mph.

Another center of interest is the twin Novi Specials, the only V-eights likely to start the race. Novi, an automotive accessory firm in Detroit, built these engines in 1941 and has been running them at Indianapolis for years, but always in cars with a front-wheel drive. This year they have reversed the action of the engines and installed them in two identical rear-wheel-drive roadsters built by Kurtis. Only 29 inches high, they are the lowest machines on the track—so low they look like surfboards on wheels as they speed away from you. Although Paul Russo, driving one of the Novis, failed to qualify better than eighth on the first day, these two cars are still regarded by many as the fastest things on the speedway this year. In an early practice run, Russo was clocked at better than 146.6, the fastest unofficial single lap ever recorded by a competitive car.

With so many people turning out for the qualifications, one fact was

evident: interest in the "500" keeps growing and growing. The man probably most responsible for this is a public-spirited Hoosier businessman from Terre Haute named Anton Hulman Jr., who refused to let the speedway die. Hulman, head of a large baking powder manufacturing company, has poured profits back into big steel grandstands, better garaging, better track, all manner of public conveniences plus an automotive museum where the motorabilia of Indianapolis racing will some day reside. The rest of the profits he splits among the competitors, and last year they came to \$270,400. The good green incentive Hulman continues to offer to the chauffeurs does much to fill the ranks after their tragic annual depletions. This year, for instance, the great Vukle is absent. So is Jack McGrath, who raced Vukle almost head-and-head through the first 54 laps of last year's race but died in a dirt-track crash last fall in Phoenix. So is young Jerry Hoyt, who had the pole last year and died in a dirt-track crash a few months later. So are such other familiar competitors as Mike Nazaruk, Larry Crockett and Manuel Ayulo.

Yet plenty of big names will be zooming down the track straightaway on Memorial Day. Parsons and Rutman, the former champs; Sam Hanks in the Jones and Maley Special, out for the 11th time; Fred Agarashian, Paul Russo and Tony Bettenhausen—all taking their 10th crack at the three-foot silver trophy; Andy Linden in the cockpit of the Chapman Special for his sixth try, after a recent crash in California; and naturally the king himself—Bob Sweikert—in a spanking new yellow Kuzma called the D-A Luhrneit Special, out to add to the \$54,833.33 he has won in four previous starts. "It's hell out there," the king will tell you, "but nothing beats winning it."

END

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WHO
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FASTEST 10 OF FIRST TWO QUALIFYING DAYS

CAR NO.	DRIVER	MAKER OF CHASSIS-BODY	MAKE OF ENGINE	AVERAGE SPEED
8	PAT FLAMERTY	A. J. WATSON	OFFENHAUSER	145.000
25	JANNETT THOMSON	KUZMA 1355	OFFENHAUSER	145.000
26	JIM BATHMANN	KURTIS-KRAFT C	OFFENHAUSER	145.120
7	PAT O'CONNOR	KURTIS-KRAFT D	OFFENHAUSER	145.000
27	GEORGE BATHMANN	KURTIS-KRAFT D	OFFENHAUSER	145.141
55	TONY BETTENHAUSEN	KURTIS-KRAFT D	OFFENHAUSER	145.081
58	JOHNNIE PARSONS	KUZMA 1355	OFFENHAUSER	145.344
62	FRED AGARASHIAN	KURTIS-KRAFT D	OFFENHAUSER	145.000
3	JIM BRYAN	KUZMA 1355	OFFENHAUSER	145.343
25	PAUL RUSSO	KURTIS-KRAFT F	NOVI V 8	145.046

IN RECORD-SMASHING two days, fastest 15 qualifiers exceeded 142,500-mph

track mark set last year by the late Jack McGrath. Above list is not order of start.

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ARTIST'S DRAWING OF COMPLETED ARENA SHOWS EASY ACCESS FROM ALL SIDES

AECK OF A BUILDING

Georgia Tech's big dome may have a deep effect on stadium design

PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL DENZLER

ATLANTA motorists this spring have been gawking at a strange sight. Just off a six-lane expressway a mile and a half from the downtown business district, workmen have been busy since April assembling a curious structure on the Georgia Tech campus that gives every appearance of being a giant spider (*see opposite page*). In actual fact, it is the new Tech basketball arena, an unabashedly radical design which may well become a commonplace sight in the U.S. Other colleges, faced with greater demands, fewer funds and skyrocketing costs, are already eyeing the Tech experiment as a possible solution to their own problems.

When it is completed, Tech's big top will seat 6,999 at basketball games and 1,700 more persons for general assemblies. With steeper banks of seats than are normally provided at sports arenas and no obstructing pillars, tiers or ramps, all spectators will command a full view of the court without ever having to crane their necks. The circular construction, in addition, will bring the most distant seats nearer the court area than in conventional rectangular-shaped buildings.

The building was designed by Richard Aeck (rhymes with heck), a leading Atlanta architect, after college officials had jettisoned as too expensive plans for a huge \$4 million municipal center suitable for sports, concerts, livestock shows and other exhibits. The core of the Aeck design is a 25-foot excavation inside the 270-foot-diameter circle formed by the building's ribs.

By lowering the playing floor Aeck was able to save on steel costs (the point of the dome is only 50 feet above the girders' base but 75 feet above the playing court) and on construction. Concrete was poured directly on the floor of the excavation and, for the seat banks, directly on the sloping sides of the excavation, thus eliminating expensive wooden forms. Visitors will walk into the building and straight down to their seats—which means there are no costly and space-consuming ramps to drive expenses further skyward. The total cost: \$1 million, including an adjacent locker room building which also will house WGST, the university radio station.

Tech's arena is being called the Alexander Memorial Center after the late W. A. (Bill) Alexander, longtime football coach and athletic director. "Next step," in the words of J. C. (Whack) Hyder, basketball coach, "is a topnotch basketball team." The Yellow Jackets have been a perennial football power in the Southeast Conference. If they apply even part of their usual efficiency to basketball, they should be striking terror into the hearts of their fellow conference men any year now.

SKELETON OF A CURIOUS GIANT

Huge 11-ton orange girders, 32 in. all, attached at the base by steel pins and washers and at the dome by a compression ring, rise high over the excavation but require no view-obstructing supports.





THE STARTING GUN SENDS OFF SCORES OF BOATS WITH KEEN-EYED SOULS CLINGING TO CROW'S-NESTS FOR THE FIRST SIGHT OF TUNA

TUNA ISLAND

At luxurious Cat Cay in the Bahamas a top blue-fin tournament gets under way

by GORDON LEWIS

BASKING under a bright tropical sun on the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank lies a tiny T-shaped dot of gleaming sand and coral that brings to a glittering reality many men's dream of an island paradise.

This is Cat Cay, a sumptuous contribution on Nature's part which has been nurtured to its present state as a sanctuary and luxurious playground for men of affairs and funds by the imagination (and money) of Louis R. Wasey, a millionaire advertising executive. Wasey got his first glimpse of the island while cruising the Bahamas in 1931. The natural beauty of the palm-studded, two-mile strip immediately aroused his enthusiasm—an enthusiasm matched in subsequent years by almost every visitor. Many have felt that Christopher Columbus eliminated the need for eulogy when he wrote of the Bahamas with flat finality: "This land surpasses all others."

Wasey's earliest aim after purchasing the island in 1931

was a fishing camp in the grand manner. This plan quickly faded into the creation of a replica of an English fishing village anchored at sea, and with the first buildings ready for use the sociable Waseys found themselves hosts to a fast-increasing crowd of island worshippers whose enthusiasm for Cat Cay more than matched their own—and a house party of some four years' duration was under way. It was then that mounting expenses and insistent importunings of friends to own a bit of the bright coral strip, or at least have club privileges to visit at will, brought about the formation of the club-resident plan in effect today.

Whatever the early aims and the rapid evolutionary processes, Cat Cay today is a brightly designed mural of yachts and outriggered cruisers, big game fishing and graceful palms, small fine homes and a clubhouse, golf course and skeet range, excellent food and white crescent

continued



SKEET RANGE on waterfront is enjoyed by W. Godsey Jr. of New Brunswick, N.J. while island's owner, Lou Wassy, watches.



ON WINDSOR DOWNS Clara Sanders, secretary to wife of the Governor of the Bahamas, watches friend chip into fifth green.

IN FLAG-DRAPED LOUNGE members relax over drinks at night to discuss the day's luck and make plans for tomorrow's fishing.



TUNA ISLAND

continued from page 36

beaches—a splash of color and gaiety at sea that just about sums up the words holiday, tropical hideaway and luxurious escapism in the sun.

The management of Cat Cay has done a bit of rearranging of the seasons to meet the wishes and pattern the vacation periods of its guests. These are variously designated as "the informal season," running from June 1st through the middle of December; "the early winter season," the holiday weeks that fill the island with family parties and Christmas festivities; and "the formal season," January through the middle of April, when resident members pull out all stops in an endless succession of elaborate formal dinners and dances.

By mid-April, formal dress and the lavish social whirl cease off into casualness and more athletic outdoor ventures, and in late May the Cat Cay International Tuna Tournament brings a capacity crowd of well-known fishermen from many countries to wrestle with the giant blue fins.

The usually benign weather of the Bahamas permits Cat Cayers to plan their play well in advance, assured of days with built-in sunshine and tall blue skies. Golfers take off at early hours for the Windsor Downs course, named after the duke when he was Governor of the Bahamas and a frequent visitor to the island. A road at the edge of the fairways winds through a colorful profusion of tropical plants and trees, with stoic English pheasants giving a cold eye to passers-by from beneath royal poincianas, blazing hibiscus and the shade of shiny-trunked gumbo limbos. Slow-cruising station wagons are ever on the alert to pick up sauntering guests burdened with equipment.

At the docks, a heavy traffic seems inevitable at any hour of the day. Skiffs put out for bonefishing and a try with spinning tackle at yellowtail and reef fish. Handsome cruisers, oversized outriggers awaying skyward like some giant insect's feelers, move toward the cut past a maze of masts that crowd the anchorage in winter months. Private amphibian planes lumber dripping out of the water and up the ramp with cargoes of arriving guests.

Observing the hustle at the docks and yacht club, the realization dawns that, although the original plan for a glorified fishing camp was discarded, the sport of fishing has nevertheless taken over its own dominant place in the life at Cat Cay.

Wasey himself had a hand in mark-

ing the island as a bright spot on the big game fishing map. In the early '30s he boated a heavy blue marlin when these fish were somewhat of a question mark in the area, as was the tackle that would hold one of the great billed fighters. Today a Cat Cay visitor, Akel Wehfeld, has clinched the area's claim to blue marlin fame with a world's record of 742 pounds.

YEAR-ROUND GAME FISHING

Bonefishermen, the rahid cult that looks upon most other fish as decrepit weaklings, find the silvery shallow water racers in such size and quantity that they develop a desperate "office fatigue" and swear they can't ever face going home again.

In the Stream through most of the year it's fisherman's choice and the luck of the day. There are seasonal runs, of course—blue marlin, white marlin and the mighty blue-fin tuna among others—but at almost any time of the year a trolled feathered lure, a threaded mullet or a balao will bring flashing into the sun the whole vast range of subtropical gamesters that makes Gulf Stream fishing as exciting as any in the world.

Here wahoo grow to record lengths. Their surface strike, probably the fastest of any fish in the world, seems almost equaled by the silver and blue-green streak of a bull dolphin inking a line of color for as much as 50 feet as it rushes at a fast-skipping bait. The slugging amberjack, at any moment you've moved reefward, is likely to set its jaws for an hour's tough infighting. Sailfish, king mackerel, barracuda, bonito, grouper—the list reads like a fisherman's salt-water encyclopedia. And it was in July of 1955 that Cat Cay Member Mrs. William B. Leeds of New York brought another women's world's record to the docks, a 110-pound Allison tuna, taken on a 9, 0 reel and 24-thread line, topping all previous weights in the Women's Division (80-pound line test class) for this comparatively scarce tuna species.

It was Ernest Hemingway and S. Kip Farrington Jr. who confirmed the reputation of the Cat Cay-Bimini area as a great tuna fishing ground in 1933. Within a short time of each other, both stopped two of the giant blue fins. Their success, incidentally, gave an explanation of all the sad tales of smashed tackle which, up until that time, had been the only evidence of the regular

continued on next page

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TUNA ISLAND

continued from page 59

presence of the species in the area.

To Cat Cay can go much of the credit for bringing tuna fishing to its present high level and contributing to the knowledge of the fish, both angler-wise and scientifically, which exists today. It is possibly the most expensive of all big game fishing, and wealthy sportsmen, many of them Cat Cay

G. Walton Smith, assisted by Scientist Luis R. Rivas, and aided by a fellowship granted the laboratory by Cat Cay Member Charles F. Johnson of Charleston, S.C. During the tuna tournament, members contribute their fish for examination by the Miami scientists, and the data obtained has rendered obsolete much that was previ-



COUNTRESS OF RANFURLY, the wife of the Governor of Bahamas, poses with

boat's mate Sam Cardarelli and 338-pound blue-fin tuna, which she caught at Cat Cay.

members, teamed with tackle manufacturers, boatbuilders and marine motor makers in a concerted effort that has brought gear to a peak of efficiency, provided boats that respond like sensitive horses and crews so aware of the tuna pattern of flight and fight that they're calling the signals before the fish have made the play. Management extended hearty cooperation to the University of Miami Marine Laboratory under the direction of Dr. F.

ously considered authoritative on the subject. As for the blue fins themselves, they've continued to make their capture one of the most exhausting hauls a man can have with a fish.

Opening day of the annual tournament usually sees as many as 25 boats poised ready at the edge of the Stream awaiting the firing of the starting gun by the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas. With the cannon's boom, boats race forward for some previously

chosen area, a crew member tensely searching the sea from the super-elevated crow's-nest above the flying deck for sight of tuna.

When the excited cry from the spotter in the crow's-nest announces the sighting of a moving school of blue fins, a precision performance takes place that compares with a ship's emergency drill aboard a destroyer. Motors are gunned to the limit, racing to a carefully determined position just ahead of the moving school. A mate stands, threaded mullet in hand, awaiting the exact moment to toss it overboard for the strike. The fisherman is in the elevated single fighting chair, his huge gear, a Fin-Nor reel carrying more than 2,000 feet of 39-thread line and a specially constructed rod, already set and his seat harness carefully buckled in place.

The bait is thrown, the boat evenly pacing the moving school, and the next minute or its fraction may see the water-frothing explosion of a strike, with an all-out effort from the chair first to set the hook deeply and then, with every ounce of strength, as the boat leaps and wheels to follow the surging run, a desperate tussle to keep the hooked fish from sounding.

A TEST OF ENDURANCE

From this point it's a rugged test of strength and endurance. A well-hooked tuna will rip off as much as 1,000 feet of line despite the most expert play of crew and fisherman. And this is not true of just one run. Discouragingly, it can happen half a dozen times, the angler fighting not only to keep a check on the fish but often to save himself from being pulled bodily from the chair. Perspiration, weakening legs, tiring arms—all combine with the ever-present danger of sharks charging in for a chunk of tuna meat to make the struggle fast and rough.

The night before the fifth and final official day of the tournament there is a genial tenseness over the island. The sunset hour gathering place, the Kitten Key Bar, has emptied, and strollers are heading for the poolside tables where an elaborate buffet supper is being served. Music and the low wash of the sea from the nearby beach are barely audible above the animated chatter of the diners.

This is Wasey's island in full swing at one of its most gala—and most publicized—moments. It's a good life, for him and his guests, but particularly for him. He remembers when, 25 years ago, the whole thing was just a barren strip of coral and an idea.

(END)

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FOURTH OF A SERIES

SAFE IN
THE WILD

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

EVERY CREATURE born into the natural world brings with him, I think, two ingrained or hereditary impulses for his salvation in moments of danger. One, for use when he is young and helpless, is to crouch motionless at the appearance of the enemy (*opposite*). The other, which appears later and explains why with rare exceptions any so-called savage beast is not to be feared unless wounded or cornered, is to take to his heels at the first warning that danger is loose in the neighborhood.

To the first impulse, here called "the saving instinct," birds and beasts of prey are possible but improbable exceptions. It may be that fox cubs, for example, which spend their early days in a den beyond human sight, do not hold still when alarmed, but it is significant that you never hear them, not a stir or a whimper, if you lay an ear down to the mouth of their den, though their keen ears or noses tell them of an enemy at hand. Later, when they are grown large enough to play in the sunshine, I have repeatedly observed that at any alarming noise—a sharp whistle on my part, or the bark of a dog in the distance—they invariably freeze in their tracks. After a quiet moment or two, long enough to make up what they would call their minds, they either resume their play or else slip quickly into the den, to be seen no more until the vixen returns and calls them out.

As for birds of prey, if ever you have watched young hawks or owls from your perch in a neighboring tree you may have noticed how still they commonly are, and how at any unnatural commotion they flatten down in the nest to become a part of the lifeless structure. Climb the nest tree now, slowly, carefully, with plentiful halts to quiet any feeling of alarm, and the moment your hat appears in sight the nestlings lift themselves up and open their mouths for food, evidently mistaking your hat or your shadow for the returning mother bird. Not till they recognize you as an enemy, too late, will they bristle their pinfeathers and hiss fiercely to scare you.

Of other young birds and animals, called the hunted in distinction from the hunting kind, one might say with Isaiah, a very observant prophet, "Their strength is to sit still." Three wholly natural reasons for their strength or salvation in time of danger are as follows:

First of all, the youngling that holds motionless close to earth cannot be seen, or at least he is seldom noticed by

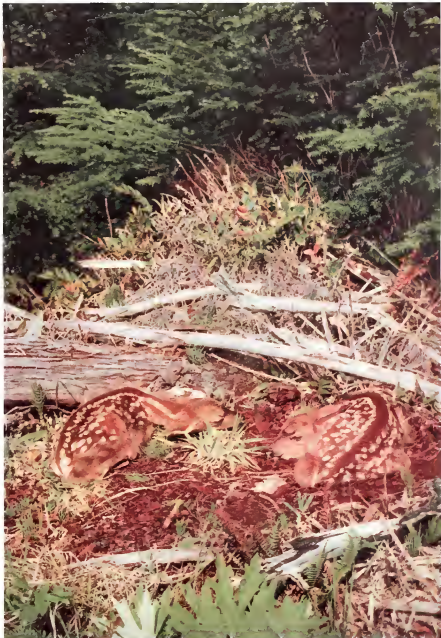
wild eyes. But be not misled here by any theories of "protective coloration," wherewith many naturalists please and deceive themselves. It is doubtless true, concerning the lower orders of animate life, that their pigment cells have a strange affinity, let us call it, for the coloration of their immediate environment. Thus, a flounder will quickly change the color of his back to match the color of the bottom on which he rests, as many insects harmonize their hues with that of the leaf or twig which supports them. By careful experimentation, Sir Edward Bagnell Poulton, Fellow of the Royal Society and professor of zoology at Oxford, apparently proved that the chromatophores (pigment cells) in the skin of a fish respond to any prolonged color impression received by the visual cells of the retina, with the result that his skin turns gray when his eyes see gray continuously, or turns brown when his eyes see brown. It has also been proved that the skin of a blinded fish invariably turns blackish, and black is not a color but the absence of all colors. What causes this mysterious color "affinity" between the body of a fish and his environment, or to what end, is still a matter of speculation on our part. Nature lets us see the change but refuses to reveal why she makes it.

Among the higher orders, whose color-pigment cells are less active and much less changeable, the simple fact is that a fawn with bright orange coat sprinkled with spots of glaring white has the same "invisibility" as a mottled brown grouse in the same place, so long as fawn or grouse holds quiet, but not a moment longer. Whatever the coloration, any bird or animal betrays himself by the first motion.

Next, from the hunting viewpoint, every bird or beast of prey associates life with motion so habitually, so completely, that a resting grouse or rabbit, or even a man, is in his eye only a part of the restful earth. To quote but a single example, I was sitting under a tree on the lake shore, watching a female sheldrake or scurvy duck which had probably hidden her newly hatched brood and was now expertly catching minnows for them. Suddenly a hawk swooped with a paralyzing swirl of stiffened pinions. The sheldrake escaped by a flashing dive, losing only a few

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RESTING FAWNS, nine days old, dose in the sun, almost unseen, thanks to their nature-endowed camouflage which, as long as they don't move, will protect them from enemies.





FLATTENED to the ground as though dropped from a great height, this fawn presents it can't be seen even though it is

out in the open. No matter where they are—even in streams (*helix*)—fawns usually freeze to the ground when suddenly scared.



SAFE IN THE WILD

continued from page 60

feathers, and the hawk wheeled in to perch on a branch so near my face that I dared not even wink. When his head was turned to look for his vanished prey I reached out a hand to grab his legs and bring him with thrashing wings into my lap.

All theories to the contrary notwithstanding, I maintain that this wary hawk was deceived not by any protective coloration on my part but only by my quietude. And what did he think or feel, I wonder, when on being tossed free into the air he hovered a moment to glare down at me with fierce eyes before winging away to safety.

Finally, any wild bird or animal, excepting only a gorged beast of prey, gives off so very little scent when at rest that the keenest nose may pass without receiving a telltale message. This has been many times proved to my own satisfaction, at least, by having wild animals draw near without showing any sign of alarm at the dreaded man scent, paying me no attention until their eyes caught a purposeful motion, when commonly they came nearer instead of running away.

The same surprising thing was proved to anybody's satisfaction, I should think, by my setter Rab, whom I had trained to obey every word or whistle or hand signal before taking him to my summer camp. At home he honored his training by giving no heed to anything but game birds. In the wilderness, where he was occasionally permitted to range on either side while I followed an old logging road or fished a trout stream, he found a new world to his liking, and made the most of it by pointing everything he found as staunchly as ever he pointed grouse or woodcock in the home covers. On one occasion it might be only a deer mouse; on another, a rarely seen fisher or "black cat"; on a third, when I approached his point, I heard the terrifying *rumphump* of a startled bear.

One afternoon while following a dim trail through an alder swamp I missed Rab at heel, where he belonged in such a tangle, and went back to find him on point, his head turned to a dense thicket. And there on a low branch, hidden by bluejoint grass, was a junco nest, my first, with three or four squirming fledglings and a mother bird chirping uneasily over them. She had probably "frozen" when the man passed but was stirred to anger at sight of the dog, and that stir had betrayed her to his keen nose.

Again, in marked contrast, I took Rab at heel to where a fawn was hidden, being careful to pass on the downwind side to let any drift of air bring its message to the setter's nostrils. Many times he had pointed deer for me; but now, though we were near enough for my eye to see the fawn as the doe had left him—flattened close to earth, neck outstretched, eyes closed—the setter gave no sign of scenting game; instead he lay down, in accord with his training, till I was ready to move on. So far as one could detect, the fawn never moved a muscle, and we left the little innocent undisturbed.

When confronted by danger, a mother quail or a mother partridge will act as if she has suddenly gone crazy—clucking, squealing, tumbling at your feet, doing everything she can think of to take your attention away from her chicks.

Any prowler would leap for the conspicuous big bird, naturally, and follow her until she wharred up and away, thus saving herself by flight after saving her chicks. Repeatedly, after disturbing a brood of quail or partridge I have hidden to watch them, and not once did they move until the mother bird returned to call them out of hiding. How long they would hold still if the mother failed to return is not known; but once, after waiting a full hour near a brood of wild ducklings without seeing the slightest motion, I went away leaving them still invisible.

Another illustration of this same saving instinct came in my familiar Connecticut woods, where an old ruffed grouse proved that he was mindful of the impulse which had doubtless been more than once his salvation when he was a helpless chick.

While roving the Redding hills with a young setter, Hiya, in quest of flight woodcock, I flushed from underfoot a large grouse at the extreme edge of a cedar thicket. He was a cock, to judge by his resplendent ruff and perfectly barred tail, and he had probably skulked into hiding on hearing a distant rustle of leaves under the dog's feet. Remembering the alarming scarcity of his kind in this locality, I sent after him a devout hope that the next time he met a man with a gun he might have the sense to double back into cover, instead of roaring out over a hillside pasture where anybody could hit him. My next thought, born of acquaintance with grouse habits and

continued on next page

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SAFE IN THE WILD

continued from page 65

hideouts in the locality, was that I might drop my hat over that careless cock if he would hold still long enough.

With the setter at heel we followed the bird's line of flight to a granite ledge, which dropped off steeply to a level some 50 or 60 feet below. Along its foot grew a dense fringe of brush, with here and there a wild grapevine or an impenetrable tangle of catbriers. Beyond was a downhill slope with scattered clumps of bayberry, here called candlewood because its clustered gray berries make sweet-smelling candles.

Hardly were we seated on the ledge top when a Cooper's hawk hove in sight; and though he kept well away at first, having seen our approach, his every line and motion spelled "hunting." As he cruised warily outside the brush below the ledge, his head frequently turned to one point on the outer edge of it; which told me as from a book that he had seen my partridge drop into cover and was now watching for his chance to swoop. The tireless hawk is herabouts one of our worst game-bird killers, and in his head now was a single idea: the partridge was his game, not mine, and he was bound to have it.

I was looking down at the point he indicated, searching through every opening in the leafless brush for a glimpse of the hidden cock, when a double clap-clap of wings sounded overhead. The hawk was up there, hovering over the spot where his game had vanished; but though evidently hungry he remembered caution and veered away when I looked up. So he reminded me that wild birds and animals are most fearful of a man when they read from his eye that he sees them. After a wide circle the hawk returned to hover a brief moment above where his game was hidden, and plainly now one could both see and hear him clap his wings together.

That is a favorite ruse of the snowy or arctic owl, who may have learned it by the necessity of detecting white hares or white ptarmigan crouched on snow-covered ground; but never before had I seen it used by a hawk, and its meaning was unmistakable. This hungry predator knew but could not see where the grouse was hidden, and was clapping his wings to startle the game into a betraying motion.

It was now on my part a choice between hunter and hunted; one or the

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Walter Thompson

other must die, and when next the hawk wheeled within range he fell just outside the point he had been so keenly watching. The overeager young setter went down the ledge at the shot, laming himself by a head-over-heels tumble. He was pointing the dying hawk when I made my own way down, more carefully; on his muzzle were bloody scratches made by sharp talons when he tried to retrieve such armored game as he had never before seen. At my approach there was a violent stir of matted grass under the sweet fern, within five or six feet of where the hawk lay with Hiyu standing over him. Out of the grass burst the cock on thundering wings, to shoot like a bolt up over the ledge top.

Whether he had seen the hawk when he dropped into his chosen cover cannot be known; but he had certainly seen the bovering enemy, had heard the alarming clap of wings and the terrifying gunshot, had both seen and heard the dog come tumbling down; yet he had remained "frozen" during all the uproar, obeying his saving instinct, moving no muscle until the man appeared on blundering feet. Then, thinking himself safe at last, he headed back on speedy wings to the cedar thicket from which we had flushed him.

A partridge, however frightened he may be, is like a deer in that he never for a moment loses his sense of locality or of direction. You can drive him just so far, but not a yard beyond. On coming to new or strange territory he invariably doubles back to the familiar range he has known ever since he was born.

Mankind, I think, has a remnant or survival of that same saving instinct. Though we feel it but seldom, being accustomed to obey a conscious or reasoning mind instead of a subconscious or wholly natural impulse, it reappears in full force at moments when we are caught, as it were, off-guard. Witness your own involuntary freeing in your tracks at the sudden appearance of an overwhelming danger. Witness, also, your mental attitude in a frightful dream, when the imagination conjures up pain and terror as your portion, but the quiescent body receives no message from a suspended will.

To a naturalist the significant feature of your dream of great peril is that you cannot move, being for the moment governed by the subconscious impulse which holds a helpless young animal quiet, for his salvation, at the approach of an enemy. (END)

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LADIES' DAY

Hampered though they were by clothes and mores, Victorian women made a place for themselves in sports after a ringing denunciation of U.S. youth by Oliver Wendell Holmes

MUCH as today's critics rage about the sad state of American muscles, Oliver Wendell Holmes fumed during the 1850s. Said he: "Such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from the loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage." Physical-fitness-conscious males of the day promptly answered the challenge by making skating and rowing the vogue.

The ladies, too, rose to the occasion—within the limitations of the day. After the Civil War some of the more courageous women had formed clubs dedicated to sports.

By 1877 when the women of New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, organized their Ladies Club for Outdoor Sports (*shown working out above*), archery, lawn tennis and croquet were popular with women as well as men. There were so many ardent archers that bow and arrow clubs in the U.S. numbered in the hundreds. Part of the sport's appeal was undoubtedly due to a series of articles written in 1877-78 by the famous archer Maurice Thompson for *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization*.

Croquet, one of the other "feats of skill, nerve and patience" the ladies indulged in, was looked upon as a daring

escape from the indoor life to which women had previously been restricted. But they were warned, in a book on how to play the game, to remember that they were still ladies and must practice "grace in holding and using the mallet." Cheating by female croqueteers was benevolently overlooked since "they only do so because they think that men may like it."

That women could participate in any outdoor sport while shackled with voluminous skirts and bone corsets is something of a tribute to their ingenuity and perseverance. Most remarkable, perhaps, was the fact that despite the hindrances of their apparel, some of those shown above managed to play a genteel form of mixed doubles lawn tennis. Tennis had been brought back to the U.S. from Bermuda by vacationing Miss Mary Ewing Outerbridge, whose family belonged to the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club, site of the Ladies Club's vigorous activities.

Every Friday in good weather, starting with the club's first season in 1877, the ladies took over the Cricket Club grounds at Camp Washington, near Tompkinsville Landing, to play match games. On other days they were permitted to practice for their Friday sessions.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THUS SPOKE THE COMPLEX WOMAN
Sirs:

Female letters-to-the-editors generally start: "As a mere woman, permit me to..." I am the mother of four big boys and the wife of another, as well as holding down a busy job as a free-lance copywriter. So I will start this letter: "As a complex woman, permit me to congratulate you on an extraordinary magazine."

I have always shared the boys' interests in sports but never really became a full-fledged member of the gang. I cannot get all tensed up, for example, about Sal Maghe's switch to Brooklyn. The boys do. Last night, however, I think I made the grade.

We sat around with the TV set off and talked about William Robinson's fabulous narration that sets the stage for *The Ultimate Score* and Paul O'Neill's penetrating study of John Landy (SI, May 21).

I should say I talked and the men listened. Keep your Maseks, your Traberts, your Casadys. I told them, that's kid's stuff, athletic pin-up boys. All the stuff that heroes are made of. They may be the backbone of sports, but they could not support sports by themselves. Give me the man who spends a lifetime preparing and hoping for the ultimate test of man against nature. Give me the man who has devoted his span of life to pitting his spirit against his physique. Robinson the sailor and Landy the runner are ultimate athletes because they pioneered the unknown, the impossible, the inhuman in physical skill and courage.

Landy, according to the terms he set himself, has failed. Robinson, presumably, will succeed. But when you have crossed the barrier that divides the difficult from the impossible, success or failure becomes almost meaningless. You have given all man something to cheer about.

A Mantle homer that saves the game is "meat." Landy on the track and Robinson behind the mast are heroic.

Thus spoke Mrs. Rawliger to her brood, and for the first time they listened with respect. Incidentally, I thought Mr. Byronds' letter on John Landy was extremely

perceptive. You seem to have some highly verbal and intelligent readers.

DIANA SCOTT RAWLINGER

New York

● *Et tu, Diana.*—ED.

GEORGE DOES IT

Sirs:

The Babe and George Zaharias *Conversation Piece* (SI, May 14) was a genuinely moving testament to a great marriage and a great man and woman. I guess the Babe has been a favorite of all of us for many years, ever since as a skinny kid she took over the Olympics. Those of us my age (middle forties) sort of grew up with the Babe and thrilled every time she set a new mark in yet another sport. What I liked especially in your *CONVERSATION PIECE* was that George Zaharias was presented as a real person. For the first time we learned how they met and why they got along so well.

Frankly, I never thought that George had too much to say for himself. Now I know that the Babe is lucky to have him. Best wishes to a grand couple.

GEORGE MURPHY

Tucson

A SOUR NOTE

Sirs:

I yield to no man in my admiration of Joan Ryan Dryggood (Joanie, to the great, it seems), but it seems to me that her *CONVERSATION PIECE* with the Zaharias struck a slightly sour note. I am not against corn (provided it is good corn) and I am not against marriage, but the picture of George with his ear to the intercom, George pattering in his kitchen cooking goodies, George fingering the souvenirs of better days, all this while his wife is desperately ill in the next room, is not really something to be "frankly sentimental" about.

George is obviously one of nature's gentlemen. I am deeply aware of the sincerity, the pathos and the real tragedy that belongs to those two. But I think SI would have done better to leave them in peace in their Florida cottage, while the sun slowly

sets. Other people's valentines are unfortunately a bit comic to those to whom they were not addressed.

WARREN SMITH

New York

PLAIN PEOPLE, FANCY TALENTS

Sirs:

You got the Babe and hubby dead to rights in your fine *CONVERSATION PIECE*. They may not be the fanciest of folks, and maybe to some they seem corny, but they have great hearts, both of them, and there are millions like them—minus the Babe's wonderful athletic talents, of course.

Some may expect a great athlete to be a great thinker too. Most of them are not. For every Babeister you have a thousand Babe Dislikes—plain, simple people with a God-given talent which they have used to their fullest ability and a sense of responsibility to those who admire that.

God bless her, she has given many of us much pleasure.

KYLE MCCONNERY

Decatur, Ill.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Sirs:

Looking at *SPECTACLE*, of SI, May 14, I saw the most magnificent series on a pole vaulter's style that I have ever seen in my life. My father, who also is an avid reader of SI and a former pole vaulter, enjoyed the pictures as much as I did.

MIKE D. SEVERSEN

Tacoma, Wash.

ADULT SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

Thanks ever so much for the fine hill-climb article (SI, May 21). Photos and words were superb and prove what I've been saying for the last 20 years: motorcycle competition is an adult sport; true motorcycle clubs are sportsmen and an honest article about motorcycles is even more interesting than the blood and thunder stuff that is usually printed.

HAL SPHER

Elmhurst, N.Y.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



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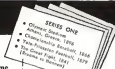
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continued from page 69

THIS TINY SET

Sirs:

I was pleased to read in PAT on THE BACK (SI, May 14) the kind words you had about Dave Albritton and the job he is doing in Iran in promoting sports and in building an Iranian Olympic squad.

It pleased me because in praising Mr. Albritton you praised an athlete who is the product of Ohio State University. To one like myself, who painfully read your *The Ohio State Story* (SI, Oct. 24, 1955) this was indeed a most pleasant experience.

While it is true that football is "big business" at Ohio State, football is only part of the Ohio State story. There is also much sincere pride in, for example, our swimming team which recently in Yale's pool won the NCAA team championship for the 16th time in the last 14 years. We also treasure the memory of the feats of Dave Albritton's teammate, Jesse Owens. As even the Ivy League will attest, there is little net profit in track or swim meets, yet Ohio State not only competes but excels in them. To prevent just our football setup as a "public utility," with the implication that this is the epitome of all that is evil in a "big time" college sports program, is indeed unfair.

Today, when I looked at SI's picture of the Iranian youth holding an Ohio State jersey (probably purchased with dollars from football receipts) sent to him as an athletic gift of good will, I felt that I must pinpoint this tiny bit of constructive good that comes from Ohio State's athletic program and its graduates.

ROBERT E. GOWDY

Dayton

- For a close look at Ohio State's swimmers—and a cover portrait of Al Wiggins—see SI, April 2.—ED.

THE GREATEST

Sirs:

You said in the 19TH HOLE (April 30) that you would like nominations on the greatest baseball team of all time. I would like to make mine . . .

The team I think was the best team of all time was the New York Yankees of 1927-28. With Ruth and Lou Gehrig hitting back-to-back, and other great players on that team, they couldn't help win the pennant those two years and the World Series both times . . .

By the way, who has hit the most doubles and triples in his lifetime?

JOHN A. PRICE

Appleton, Wis.

- Tris Speaker hit 793 doubles and Sam Crawford 312 triples.—ED.

I LOVE HORSES

Sirs:

I wish you had asked me which I loved the most, horses or dogs (HOTHOR, May 14)! I've had both all my life. There is no greater thrill than to work with people who love horses and help them develop into fine riders, unless it's working with a horse and developing it to the stage where you easily control every ounce of its balance and coordination . . .

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I love teaching, riding and schooling horses so much that I work with people and horses without charging them. It's just a wonderful, happy, rewarding hobby. My only hope is that I shall always be healthy and strong enough to continue with my horses until I'm 90. Then I'll just settle back and judge shows.

Of course, dogs make wonderful riding companions on the trails and are fine stable mascots. . . .

Mrs. JEANNE CUSHMISKY
Pasadena, Calif.

HOW CAN YOU LOVE A HORSE?

Sirs:

. . . I have owned both horses and dogs over 40 years, and how intelligent people can say that you can love a horse more than a dog is beyond me. . . .

Mrs. Van Allen had the answer. A horse will not return your love; a horse will not protect you and your family; you can't even bring a horse into your living room.

M. C. BARRY

Rochester, N.Y.

BEST IN SHOW

Sirs:

We were interested in your SCOREBOARD report about Mr. U.S.A. (SI, May 7).

Several of us around the office are even more curious to know what Paulette Nelson, Miss U.S.A., did to win her title. She appears to be well qualified from the brief glimpse we had of her.

W. J. WILSON

Muscatine, Iowa



PAULETTE NELSON AND TROPHY

• Paulette Nelson, one of 27 competitors was picked by virtue of her "poise, carriage, balance, measurements and other physical talents" as well as her prowess as a trampolinist. — ED.



R.S.P.*

Pat
Pend

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PAT ON THE BACK

J. HORACE LYTLE

For Field Trial Veterans J. Horace Lytle and his orange-and-white setter Illsey Chip the recent Miami Valley meeting at Versailles, Ind. was the climax of two careers. The 71-year-old Lytle was awarded Miami's Gaines' medal for sportsmanship, and 10-year-old Chip won the annual all-age stake. Chip's victory gave Lytle possession of the Dayton trophy, in competition since 1930.

FRANK STRAW JACK GREENE

High point of the season's field trials for beagle fanciers is the International Beagle Federation's competition, which this year drew to Pittsburgh representatives from more than 300 clubs. In the 13-inch Derby class, Handler Frank Straw (left) guided Monark Ike to the title, while Handler Jack Greene piloted Hammer Creek King to victory in the Derby class for dogs of 15 inches.



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